

BOSTON COLLEGE

FALL 2013

MAGAZINE



Swimming upstream

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SNAIL DARTER
CASE AND WHAT IT ACCOMPLISHED

By Zygmunt J. B. Plater

PROLOGUE

AGENCY

The word “bureaucracy” is an 18th-century French bon-bon—possibly pejorative—a meld of *bureau* and the Greek *kratia*, yielding *Rule by Desk*. Balzac took his whacks at the construct in an 1841 novel titled, by most translators, *The Bureaucrats* (*Les Employés*). The book follows M. Rabourdin, a virtuous government cog, as he mounts a doomed attempt to gain promotion by reforming the ministry led by the lazy and cunning M. Des Lupeaulx. “[Lupeaulx] was feeling the beat of what little heart he had when, on the staircase, he ran into his lawyer,” is a relatively gentle sample of Balzac’s lashing characterizations of bureaucrats. Of another desk jockey, he says—“a man of rote molded to routine, who concealed the fact that he was a fat incompetent under a skin so thick that no scalpel could cut deep enough to expose him.”

As to bureaucracy itself, Balzac is sulfurous: “A gigantic power set in motion by dwarfs”; “made up entirely of petty minds”; “stand[s] as an obstacle to the prosperity of the nation”; “is afraid of everything, prolongs procrastination, and perpetuates the abuses which in turn perpetuate and consolidate itself”; “stifles men of talent who are bold enough . . . to enlighten it on its own follies”; “[a place] where the sun seldom penetrates, where thoughts are tied down to occupations like that of horses who turn a crank and who, poor beasts, yawn distressingly and die quickly.”

Balzac worked in fiction and in French, a medium and language singularly supple when it comes to acidic dishing. In 1922, Max Weber, with a lifetime habit of writing essays and in German, penned the moderate and scholarly “Bureaucracy,” which happens to be the founding document of modern bureaucracy studies. In it he breaks down a world familiar to any Cub Scout today who’s encountered the panel of learned judges at a soapbox derby competition. “Every bureaucracy,” he says, “seeks to increase the superiority of the professionally informed by keeping their knowledge and intentions secret. Bureaucratic administration always tends to be an administration of ‘secret sessions’; in so far as it can, it hides its knowledge and action from criticism.” He continues, “Under normal conditions, the power position of a fully developed bureaucracy is always over-towering.”

At the same time, it must be said, Weber conceded that in spite of these irritating and sometimes anti-democratic proclivities, both public and private governments would be

useless without armies of men and women who, without mercy or favor or humor or deep thought, enforce the rules of engagement. And so we stand nervously before zoning boards with rolled-up sketches of the kitchen extension footprint, or before the return desk without a receipt for the sports coat that makes us look like a pickle barrel, or—via phone—before the Visa card representative who interrupts a pops orchestra rendition of “Raindrops Keep Fallin’ on My Head” to convey his finding that the reason the desk clerk was told to reject the card we tried to use to pay for a night in a Cleveland hotel is that we, in fact, live in Boston. Of course.

In our time and place, neither Weber nor Balzac—nor Marx, who feared bureaucracies because the sly fox rather suspected that they tended toward collaboration with corporations—stands as the maligned institution’s preeminent diviner. That grim honor goes to Franz Kafka, who before he died at 40 of tuberculosis-induced starvation, managed to invent the world’s first and to date foremost literary genre founded on human encounters with life-controlling bureaucracies. In Kafka’s fiction, as in a nightmare, the world shuttles terrifyingly between inertia and wild speed, and never in pace with what we thought we understood to be the rhythms of the human mind or heart. When some 20 years after Kafka’s death a German guard at Auschwitz responded to the inmate Primo Levi’s “Warum?”—or why?—with “*Hier ist kein warum*”—here there is no why—he could just as well have been speaking lines from the *The Castle* or *The Trial*.

Kafka’s legacy also includes Kafkaesque, the word many of us use to describe our dealings with such as the IRS, “the airlines,” and latterly the Affordable Care Act, which on the day I am writing featured the following at the top of its homepage: “[B]etween Saturday evening, November 9 and early morning on Tuesday, November 12, there will be times when you can fill out your application, but you will need to return and log in Tuesday afternoon to review and submit it.” In this context it’s worth mentioning that Kafka’s day job between 1908 and 1922, his most fruitful years as a fiction writer, was as a lawyer and later senior executive with the Workmen’s Accident Insurance Institute, in Prague.

Our story of a fish, some farmers, a professor, and an over-towering bureaucracy begins on page 18.

—BEN BIRNBAUM

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Boston College Magazine

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Chestnut Hill, MA 02467

Boston College Magazine

is published quarterly (Winter, Spring, Summer,

Fall) by Boston College, with editorial offices at the

Office of Marketing Communications,

(617) 552-4820, Fax: (617) 552-2441

ISSN 0885-2049

Periodicals postage paid at Boston, MA, and additional mailing offices.

Postmaster: Send UAA to CFS. (See DMM

707.4.12.55) NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY

FACILITIES: send address corrections to

Development Information Services

Cadigan Alumni Center, 140 Commonwealth Ave.

Chestnut Hill, MA 02467

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BCM is distributed free of charge to alumni, faculty,

staff, donors, and parents of undergraduate stu-

dents. It is also available by paid subscription at the

rate of \$20 for one year (four issues). Please send

check or money order, payable to Boston College

Magazine, to:

Subscriptions, Boston College Magazine

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LETTERS

PROFESSIONAL LISTENER

Re "From Life," by Deborah T. Levenson (Summer 2013): Thank you for excerpting Levenson's searing new book on death—and life—among Guatemalan gangs. "I am an oral historian," she begins unassumingly. In fact, the task and challenge of oral historians is to listen as much as to question, to hold in balance, and often in paradox, both empathy and critical reflection. It means to shine a spotlight on hidden wisdom, privileging people and forms of knowledge considered by many to be base or unsophisticated. And it also means sharing—if briefly and problematically—the everyday trials and occasional triumphs of those most maligned.

These are the qualities that make Levenson not just a brilliant oral historian, but the kind of teacher who inspires her students long after they leave Boston College.

Alejandro Velasco '00

New York, New York

The author is an assistant professor of Latin American studies at New York University.

HIRE EDUCATION

Re "New Hire," by Paul Doherty (Summer 2013): This glimpse of the English department in 1964, with its tweedy pipe-smokers and figures in cassocks, suggests a patriarchal bastion. But I spent that year in an assistantship while beginning my graduate studies, and nowhere in my academic life did I experience more kindness and encouragement of my career. Never a suggestion I should "step aside" or back. This old girl can tell you: Those old boys were fine role models!

Martha McGowan, MA'65

Lowell, Massachusetts

The author is a professor of English, emerita, at the University of Massachusetts, Lowell.

Paul Doherty's memories brought me back to an extraordinarily rich period in my own life as a new hire, when I was

a graduate teaching fellow in Boston College's English department in the late 1960s.

I have spent my career teaching English and training teachers, looking in vain for the kind of collaboration and collegiality I found at Boston College. How could I know then that I would never again find generous department chairs and colleagues like those in Carney Hall?

Margaret Casey, MA'68

Laguna Niguel, California

Many thanks to Paul Doherty for his elegant and poignant description of the Boston College English department. Paul is one of the finest of John Mahoney's hires, a free agent who signed with the big club for the huge salary he so well describes, one who stayed with the franchise his entire career and in the process became one of the most accomplished and influential of teachers.

John Tobin '59

Belmont, Massachusetts

The author is a professor of English at the University of Massachusetts, Boston.

ICE MAN

Re: "Soul on Ice," by Dave Denison (Summer 2013): James Balog's admirable love for animals and nature must surely hide a deeper love—his love for God—who created animals and nature. John Muir discovered this too in all his wild travels.

Hugh Maguire '75

Natick, Massachusetts

SONGLINES

Re "On Arrival," by Patrick Doyle (Summer 2013): Original, dynamic, and fresh textual selection is one of the hallmarks of Professor Min Song's English classes. It was in "The Reckless Minority" that I learned about the Korean-American author Theresa Hak Kyung Cha. *Dicee*, her experimental work on the question of Korean national identity, would later

become the subject of my honors thesis, which was advised by Professor Song. It was while working on the honors thesis that I began to formulate the kinds of scholarly questions concerning minority subject formation, national identity, assimilation, and resistance that continue to interest me.

Corinna K. Lee '03
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The author is an assistant professor of English at Marquette University.

I sat in on two undergraduate classes in Asian-American literature taught by Professor Song while I was at Boston College getting my master's degree in English literature. Min's teaching, the discussions in his classrooms, and the books that were assigned—*Dictée* by Theresa Cha, *Rolling the R's* by R. Zamora Linmark, *Interpreter of Maladies* by Jhumpa Lahiri, and many others—made me realize how transformative the study of literature could be in how we think about the world.

Caroline Yang, MA'01
Atlanta, Georgia

The author is a visiting fellow at the James Weldon Johnson Institute for the Study of Race and Difference at Emory University.

NEW VOICES

Re "Chat Lines," by Jane Whitehead (Summer 2013): As an international student from Nigeria, I had the opportunity, through the Conversation Partners program, to share the rich Nigerian culture and ideologies with other program members, especially my assigned conversation partner and esteemed friend, Emmanuel (Manny) Mohareb, MA'14.

Our common interest in music has brought us closer. We have both realized some great values in each other's cultures, expressed in our music. It is a joy for me to watch Manny play African folk music, which he learned from me.

Ignatius N. C. Nze, MSW'14, MA'18
Somerville, Massachusetts

My conversation partner and I were both new to Boston, and thus we were able to explore the city together. Even though my partner is very good at speaking English, it

has been eye-opening to see how complex American culture is and how difficult it must be to assimilate. From an education in Dunkin' Donuts and the Red Sox to learning more about German culture, the program has created a lasting friendship between two people who otherwise would never have met.

Ellen Bakker, MA'14
Brighton, Massachusetts

When I arrived in the United States I wondered, How will I interact with these people? What do they like to talk about and what might be taboo? The Conversation Partners program helped me to answer these and other questions, and it offered me a platform to discuss my passions and learn about those of my partner.

Jean Baptiste Diatta, SJ, Th.M.'13, MA'15
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

PATHWAYS

Thank you for William Bole's report, "Vocation Summit" (Summer 2013). Based on my experience as a volunteer to the vocation directors in the Diocese of Phoenix and the Archdiocese of Chicago, here are some observations:

Priests should be encouraged to invite because an invitation by a priest is still a powerful positive influence on young men considering a vocation. • A regular spiritual program, with other young men as a support group, can greatly help those in discernment. • Priests and laypeople should be trained to recognize good candidates. • Applicable websites and literature need to be regularly reviewed and updated with a critical marketing eye. • Catholic schools at all levels (and Newman Centers at public universities) should encourage vocations with the active participation of priests and religious. • Promoting a culture of vocations through prayer, adoration, and reminders in parishes helps all religious vocations.

Joe Manfreda '59
Phoenix, Arizona

TRAVEL GUIDE

William Bole's article "Out of Africa" (Summer 2013) was very interesting. The next time Professor John Gallagher takes a group of students to Africa they might all want to first read *Into Africa: A Guide to*

Sub-Saharan Culture and Diversity, which I coauthored with my wife, Phyllis Gestrin, who worked in Africa for some 20 years.

Yale Richmond '43
Washington, D.C.

NORMAN WELLS

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Professor Norman Wells early this year. I took two courses from Norman. The first, in philosophical psychology, was notable if only because Norman would occasionally stand on a chair to make an important point. The second, a course on the history of modern philosophy, involved no stand-up performances. Nonetheless, it has retained its vividness after all these years.

Paul O'Leary '61
London, Ontario, Canada

The author is an education professor, emeritus, at the University of Western Ontario.

*Corrections and Amplifications: In Paul Doherty's article, "New Hire" (Summer 2013), Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. was described as a Methodist minister. He was, in fact, a Baptist minister. In a headline in the Letters column of the Summer 2013 issue, the term *casus belli* was misspelled. Our thanks to Boston College's Charles Ahern, associate professor of classics (retired), and to Steven Fachada '85 for writing.*

BCM welcomes letters from readers.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and must be signed to be published. Our fax number is (617) 552-2441; our email address is bcm@bc.edu.

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Lipden Lane

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A practitioner's guide to blogging, social media, and the online revenue stream

CAMPUS DIGEST

The Boston Redevelopment Authority approved the University's Institutional **Master Plan**, paving the way for a 490-bed residence hall at 2150 Commonwealth Avenue, the site of More Hall. ✱ Thanks to funding from the Ladies Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Burns Library acquired a 15th-century first printing of *Vision of Tundal*, the 12th-century story of an Irish knight's journey through the underworld and up to Paradise—this some 80 years before Dante's *Divine Comedy*—that is thought to be the **first printed book by an Irish author**, a Benedictine monk named Marcus. ✱ *Kiplinger's Personal Finance* magazine ranked Boston College 23rd in its annual listing of the **100 best values** among private universities and colleges, and a survey by Affordable Colleges Online rated the ROI (return on investment) of Boston College's English major sixth in the nation. ✱ The first **homecoming weekend** in four decades started with a fireworks display over Shea Field on October 4. ✱ Earlier that day, members of the Boston College Jesuit community took to the Stokes lawn for a game of **ultimate Frisbee** with students. No score was recorded. ✱ The March of Dimes named **Allyssa Harris**, an assistant professor at the Connell School of Nursing, Massachusetts's nurse of the year. ✱ William Neenan, SJ, vice president and special assistant to the president, announced the latest additions to the **Dean's List**, his annual recommendation of goodreads. This year's

books are *Washington: A Life*, by Ron Chernow; *Last Friends*, by Jane Gardam; *The End of the Point*, by Elizabeth Graver; and *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*, by Rachel Joyce. English professor Graver's novel was also named to the longlist for the 2013 National Book Award. ✱ The Boston College Office of **Emergency Management** took part in "The Great Northeast ShakeOut," which an office announcement termed "the largest earthquake drill in U.S. history." ✱ The University **endowment** grew by 16 percent in FY2013 to \$1.98 billion, including a \$275 million investment gain and \$39 million in contributions. ✱ Boston College is among 27 institutions **assigned a scent** in Yankee Candle's new collegiate line. The jar candle bears the BC sports logo and wafts an aroma of black-cherry lollipop. ✱ In the 2014 U.S. *News and World Report* survey, Boston College retained its 31st **ranking** among national universities. The Carroll School of Management undergraduate program ranked 22nd, moving up two places. ✱ **Maureen E. Kenny**, interim dean of the Lynch School of Education, was named the school's ninth dean. Kenny had previously served as associate dean. ✱ The five **most popular majors** for the 2013–14 academic year are: economics, finance, communication, biology, and political science. ✱ Assistant professor of psychology Alexa Veenema was awarded a five-year National Science Foundation Faculty Early Career Development Award

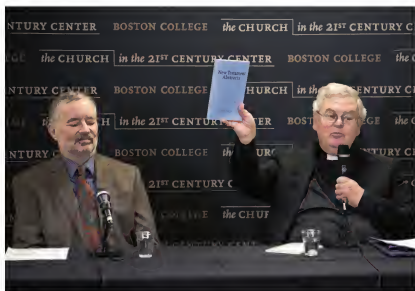


LOOK HOMEWARD—As part of a two-year restoration of 97-year-old St. Mary's Hall, pieces of ornamental stonework—including 10 angels—are being removed and recreated. Above, sculptor Ndrim Bejko of Skylight Studios uses an oil-based clay to build up the eroded surfaces of an original statue, guided by old photographs and plans. A rubber mold of the reconstructed clay piece will be used as the form for a new cast-stone reproduction. St. Mary's is slated to reopen in January 2015. It will house several academic departments and, on the upper floors, members of the Jesuit community.

to support her research on the neural basis of social behavior. And faculty from the Lynch School of Education and the mathematics department received an NSF **\$1.6 million grant** to train and support math teachers in high-need Massachusetts schools. ✂ English and theater major Tracey Wigfield '05 shared an **Emmy Award** with Tina Fey for best writing in a comedy series—*30 Rock*. ✂ Boston College Law School professor Mary Ann Chirba and adjunct law faculty member Alice Noble are coauthors of the forthcoming book *Health Care Reform: Law and Practice*, which analyzes all 907 pages of the **Affordable Care Act**. ✂ Sophomore Claudio Quintana was named to a fellowship by 406 Ventures, an investment company that promotes undergraduates with proven entrepreneurial success.

Quintana's startups include a sustainable clothing company and Quabblejack.com, an online art gallery. ✂ Taking a cue from Congress, *Heights* editors compiled a list of **pop culture mainstays** they'd like to shut down. Cuts included MTV, Justin Bieber, Perez Hilton.com, and TV talent competitions. ✂ A new chiller weighing 34,000 pounds and a 27,000-pound dehumidifier have been deployed on the **Conte Forum** roof to ensure firm ice and a fog-free atmosphere in the facilities below. ✂ 2013 MBA graduates Emily Fannon and Meghan Zipin won a \$45,000 prize from the startup accelerator MassChallenge for their energy-efficient battery, which will be tested onboard the **International Space Station**. ✂ Associate professor of history Seth Jacobs received the New England Historical Association's James P. Hanlan

Book Award for *The Universe Unraveling: American Foreign Policy in Cold War Laos* (2012), and associate professor of political science **Jonathan Laurence** was awarded the American Political Science Association's Hubert Morken Award for *The Emancipation of Europe's Muslims: The State's Role in Minority Integration* (2012). ✂ *The Torch*, a **student-run magazine** focused on Catholic themes, published its first issue. ✂ With 19 recipients, Boston College was 12th among research institutions nationwide in producing U.S. **Fulbright students**. ✂ Associate professor of English **Amy Boesky**, Gen. David Petraeus (ret.), and journalist Bob Woodward were on *Time* magazine's list of "leading campus celebrities who are filling real and virtual classrooms this year." —Thomas Cooper



Matthews (left) and Harrington (holding a copy of their publication).

Abstract artists

By William Bole

Seventy-eight years on the New Testament beat

In the fall of 1962, nearly a decade before he was ordained as a Jesuit priest, Daniel J. Harrington, SJ, professor of New Testament at the School of Theology and Ministry (STM), made his first contribution to *New Testament Abstracts* (NTA). It was the summary of an article published in Latin in the Italian theological journal *Antonianum*, and it dealt with Acts 15, which records the controversy over whether followers of Jesus needed to be circumcised and adhere to other Jewish laws.

Published three times a year at book length, NTA is described by many scholars as the most widely consulted New Testament journal in the world, annually providing close to 3,000 concise summaries of academic articles and books bearing on the subject. Today, nearly all of the abstracts are by Harrington, who assumed the editorship in 1972, and his co-editor, Christopher R. Matthews, a research professor at STM who joined him in

1986 while in the midst of earning a Harvard doctorate in New Testament and Christian origins. Their connecting offices on the second floor of STM's building, on the Brighton Campus, can resemble the sports desk at a metropolitan daily newspaper, the two men typing furiously at keyboards with piles of copy on their desks, occasionally getting up from their chairs to talk over a point. On a late-summer morning, Harrington and Matthews had each cranked out roughly half a dozen abstracts of between 100 and 250 words—including one about the “theology of martyrdom” in the Dead Sea Scrolls (Harrington) and one about Greek translations of the Psalms (Matthews)—prior to a 10:30 interview for this article.

There are surprisingly few bookcases or stacks of journals in the office suite. The academic publications delivered from all over the world are ransacked by the two editors upon arrival. After their contents are culled, the publications do not linger

in the office but instead are quickly sent over to the STM Library. Consequently, the library has what Harrington describes as easily “one of the best New Testament collections in the world,” with some 170 active journal titles.

Part of Harrington's daily routine has been to walk a few minutes over to the library and pick up any periodicals that are mailed there (most of the 500 journals surveyed go directly to the NTA). But Harrington, who is struggling with a serious illness, tilted his head toward Matthews in a joint interview and smiled—“He does most of the walking now.”

Harrington and Matthews edit each other's work, and both have their specialties. As Harrington explained, he tends to reach for the articles about biblical interpretation, biblical theology, and the Jewish setting of the New Testament; he also has a particular interest in the Gospel of Matthew. Matthews gravitates toward articles that center on the exegesis of particular texts, especially the letters of Paul and Luke's Acts of the Apostles; the development of early Christianity; and the Gnostic Gospels (which are considered apocryphal texts). Harrington, when asked if he ever considers panning a piece, says, “No. Absolutely not.” Some authors, he says, “hang themselves” with their unsound theses.

Harrington and Matthews keep writing until they have at least 600 article abstracts (sometimes 750) and about 300 book notices. They sort the summaries into categories such as “biblical theology” and “NT World” (which includes studies of ancient Jewish, Roman, and Greek communities around New Testament times) and email the entries to “our friends in Denver,” as Harrington calls the husband and wife team of Maurya Horgan and Paul Kobelski. The couple, both equipped with doctorates in biblical studies, own HK Scriptorium, a small design, editing, and typesetting company that seems to have cornered the U.S. market in producing biblical journals.

From Denver, final proofs are emailed to a printing house in Michigan, which churns out copies for the journal's 1,400 subscribers, mostly libraries and Scripture scholars, in more than 70 countries. In addition, 300 institutions—ranging from

Yale University to Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary—subscribe to New Testament Abstracts Online. It is a database of archived summaries updated once a year, jointly sponsored by Boston College and the American Theological Library Association.

ALTHOUGH READ BY SCHOLARS OF many faiths and no faith, *NTA* has been a Jesuit enterprise from the start. It was founded in 1956 at Weston Jesuit School of Theology (then in Weston, Massachusetts), where the young Harrington trained.

Harrington kept a hand in *NTA* even as he went off to Harvard (still as a Jesuit in formation) in 1965, for his doctoral studies of ancient Near Eastern languages. There, the Jesuit prepared for his area of specialization: the Jewish background of the New Testament, particularly the six centuries leading up to Rome's destruction of Jerusalem's Second Temple, in 70 C.E. Harrington also formed a lasting friendship with his Harvard mentor, the illustrious John Strugnell, well-known for his part in piecing together and translating the Dead Sea Scrolls, discovered in 1947 in the Judean Desert. A little more than two decades later, Strugnell suffered a nervous breakdown, and Harrington stepped in to help decipher some of the last unpublished texts and fragments of the scrolls.

In 1969, Harrington returned to the Weston School for further theological training and to *NTA*, which, like the school, had just moved to Cambridge. He served as assistant editor of the journal and worked closely with George MacRae, SJ, then its co-editor. Harrington says he learned from MacRae "how to put together the academic and pastoral" parts of his vocation. And, in fact, since 1971 he has balanced his academic duties with that of celebrant at the 5:00 P.M. Sunday Mass in his birth parish of St. Agnes, in Arlington, Massachusetts. He also has written numerous articles and books for the laity, including *Meeting St. Matthew Today*, published in 2010 by Loyola Press.

In 2008, Weston became part of Boston College's new School of Theology and Ministry, which now publishes *NTA*. Mark Massa, SJ, dean of STM, says that when he travels to European capitals and

other places abroad, the theologians he meets might not know of any other biblical journal in the United States, "but they all know what *New Testament Abstracts* is." Nobody can read every article and book related to the New Testament, he observes, but a Scripture scholar embarking on a research project can consult *NTA* and find out, "These are the 10 things I have to read." In 2009 Boston College awarded Harrington an honorary degree for his scholarship, writing, and role as a teacher.

HARRINGTON AND MATTHEWS DRAFT abstracts of articles published in German, French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as English. Matthews says wryly, "Our favorites are Japanese scholars who write in German." The editors farm out the few summaries of writings in what Harrington refers to as "exotic" languages, such as Swedish and modern Greek.

According to Harrington, the *NTA* format has varied scarcely over the years. The volumes are divided between periodicals and books and further broken down according to subfield (including one specifically for examinations of the Dead Sea Scrolls). The abstracts are brief, clear, and objective, like this one initiated by Harrington, in the latest edition (Vol. 57, No. 2)—summing up an article in the English Catholic journal *New Blackfriars*:

After noting the enigmatic character of Mark's Gospel as a whole, the article focuses on the poor widow and her donation to the Temple in 12:43–44. It considers whether Jesus was praising her and recommending his followers to imitate her generosity, or (what is more likely) drawing attention to the deleterious effects of the Temple as a doomed institution.

While *NTA* might look essentially the same from year to year—small type, cramped white space, and a table of contents gracing a glossy monotone cover whose color changes with each issue—the subject matter has turned many corners of scholarly fascination. The journal has mirrored, for example, the revival of interest in the historical Jesus (as distinct from the Christ of faith) in the 1990s and, more recently, it has captured the debate over

how the New Testament's writers looked upon the Roman Empire—did they cast Rome as antithetical to Christian faith? And what might be the implications today with respect to the "American Empire" and its culture?

Many of the references would sail clear over the head of a non-specialist, who might be intrigued nonetheless. Here's an encapsulation of an essay collection, *The Julio-Claudian Succession: Reality and Perception of the "Augustinian Model,"* published by Brill last year and edited by A.G.G. Gibson:

After Gibson's 17-page introduction, this volume presents essays by J. Osgood on Suetonius and the succession to Augustus; R. Seager on perceptions of the *domus Augusta*, A.D. 4–24; C. Vout on Tiberius and the invention of succession; J. Bellemore on the identity of Drusus—the making of a *princeps*; R. Rees on the lousy reputation of Piso; Gibson on "all things to all men"—Claudius and the politics of A.D. 41; E. Buckley on *Nero institutus*—constructing Neronian identity in the ps.-Senecan *Octavia*; and J. Drinkwater on Nero Caesar and the half-baked principate.

The book summaries (which occupy 88 small-print pages of the *NTA*'s most recent, 237-page edition) do not carry author initials—because Harrington writes every one.

Massa looks upon *NTA* as the "gold-standard example of doing service to a field of scholarship," but while many others echo the praise, Harrington speaks more plainly about the commitment. "I just love this stuff," he says. "I love the Bible. I love scholarship about the Bible. I love preaching about the Bible. It's what gets me up in the morning."

Harrington is teaching two fall courses—"Introduction to the New Testament" and "Intermediate [biblical] Greek"—both fully subscribed. What's more, since 2000 he's written 21 books for scholarly and general audiences. Still, *New Testament Abstracts* is, for him, a singular trust. Referencing the slow metastatic cancer that he suffers from, he says, "*NTA* is the last thing that goes in my life. As long as I can do anything, I'll be doing this." ■



From left, Gips, Imran, Monroe, and Miller, in the Fulton Honors Library.

The entrepreneurial mystique

By Patrick L. Kennedy

Alumnae return to tout the quest for the next new thing

When Sophie Miller crossed the path of a driverless, two-ton SUV one day in Santa Clara, California, she was perched on nothing sturdier than a bicycle. It was a “gut check” moment, Miller ’07 says later. She works at Google’s secretive R&D lab, Google X, whose self-proclaimed business is “moonshot ideas”—products that will “change the momentum of the world,” as she puts it. Still, the encounter with the self-driving Lexus on the company’s Mountain View campus gave Miller pause. “Do I trust the product?” she wondered.

Then she decided, “You might as well believe.” Sure enough, as she approached, the vehicle stopped, let her pass, and continued on its way. The Minnesota native found herself waving “thanks,” before thinking, “Now I look like an idiot.”

“It’s moments like that when I feel grateful to be around people who have the audacity to [even] talk about ideas like that,” Miller told an audience of 120 Boston College students and a smattering of alumni in the Fulton Honors Library in early September. Even if some of those moonshot projects fail, she said, “The important thing is the willingness to go there and to start the conversation and to want to create something.”

It was one of many tales of Silicon Valley told by four visiting alumnae on a muggy Thursday night. The event called “Silicon Valley Comes to the Heights” was cosponsored by alumni groups (the Boston College Technology Council, Boston College Women in Business) and a pair of undergraduate organizations, the student-run Information Systems

Academy and the Boston College Venture Competition (BCVC), organizer of the annual, University-wide entrepreneurship tournament.

Collectively, the panelists have worked in most aspects of technology entrepreneurship across the size spectrum of companies, from brand-new startups to, well, Google. Describing their journeys from Chestnut Hill to Palo Alto, the four women spoke freely about the adrenaline rush of helping to create the next new thing, as well as the grind of 14-hour workdays and the disappointment of startup failure.

Moderator Elizabeth Bagnani, a lecturer in accounting in the Carroll School of Management (CSOM), joked about imposing a no-moderesty rule as panelists sometimes undersold their successes. Sophie Monroe of WePay nearly made herself sound like a college dropout who answers the phone. Monroe did defer her 2012 graduation to work full-time for the company that has become a growing rival to PayPal (and was launched in 2008 by William Clerico and Richard Aberman, both ’07), but Bagnani had to draw out of the Palo Alto native that she in fact manages WePay’s customer support team, which earned the 2013 gold Stevie award as the number-one customer support team in the country for businesses of 100 or fewer employees. (The actual award was made by the same goldsmiths who produce the Oscar statues.)

Similarly, Shabbano Imran ’09 had to be prodded to disclose that her company, LocalOn, a web marketing platform for small businesses that she cofounded with David Tolioupov ’10, was selected this past summer for financing by the elite startup accelerator Y Combinator and is growing by 30 percent a month. Imran was not generally reticent, however. She almost breathlessly related her evolution from a Boston College freshman who complained that there was no tech scene at the Heights (“I should have gone to Stanford,” she once pined) to a convert in the TechTrek class of CSOM associate professor of information systems John Gallagher, to a BCVC winner, to a failed startup founder—“Oh my God, we just wasted this guy’s [seed investor’s] \$150,000”—and finally to a successful businesswoman today.

"Everyone should go and start a company ... it's really awesome to work in tech, and why would you work anywhere else?" Imran concluded to appreciative laughter.

Amy Gips '04 shared her perspective from the other end of the equation, that of an investor in startups. A venture capitalist, Gips is the founding managing partner of the Astia Angel Network, which seeks out and funds women entrepreneurs not unlike Imran.

The crowd—mostly clad in business casual, some in shorts and Google or Tumblr T-shirts—was about evenly split by gender. That's not the ratio in the Valley, according to Gips and the other women of the panel. "Only five percent of companies with VC [venture capital] backing have women on the management team," said Gips, who has made it her business to try to change that.

The panelists fielded several questions from male students—What do investors look for in a startup? Are we in a startup bubble?—before a young woman asked why there weren't more females in management in the Valley.

"Hot button!" chimed Miller.

"Half of our developers are women, and I don't know how many companies can say that," Imran said. "But we only have four developers."

"We're one of the first generations where it's just expected that everyone—including women—goes to work," said Monroe. "There's a lot of uncharted territory ... Some of my friends have said to me, 'I don't want to be the next [Yahoo! CEO] Marissa Mayer. I want to be home with my kids.' And I think that's a really brave choice, too."

Students had a host of questions for Miller in her capacity as product marketing manager for Google Glass, essentially a computer one wears like a pair of glasses. Though it will not be widely available until next year, select consumers are already wearing prototypes of the expensive device as part of the "explorer" phase of the product's rollout. Pundits have invented a derisive term for such early adopters (two syllables, it begins with "Glass" and rhymes with "roles"), and one student wondered how Miller felt about it.

"When you bring an idea or a product to the world that is different," Miller

answered once the laughter subsided, "there's a social evolution around how people take to it, and I think we're watching that happen with Glass. We watched it with the iPhone. I mean, as you go back, each piece of technology at one point was unnecessary, ridiculous, and the people who had it were 'stupid' ... It's a kneejerk reaction to something people haven't seen before."

At the end of the evening, Miller added this thought, for students mulling what tech niche to pursue professionally: Whether it's a big, established company or a nimble startup with a great idea, she said, "There's always going to be power in the hands of the people who want to create new and exciting things." ■

Patrick L. Kennedy '99 is a writer in Boston.

Object lessons

By Dave Denison

Robin Fleming's approach to history reaps a MacArthur Fellowship

"I used to work on the 11th century," history professor Robin Fleming said in an interview in her corner office on the third floor of Stokes Hall. For her first book, *Kings and Lords in Conquest England* (1991), she mined a text called the Domesday Book, a survey commissioned by William the Conqueror to reveal who owned what before and after the Norman

Conquest. Then Fleming began to work backward in British history and she found herself, "unlike most historians," immersed in times having "no texts at all." How she dealt with this challenge earned her a MacArthur Foundation so-called genius grant in September—as the first member of the Boston College faculty to be chosen a MacArthur Fellow.



Fleming: "What happens when people have to build their world over again?"

Fleming, who is the chair of the history department, adapted by turning to archaeology for her primary source material. She became especially interested in the study of bones and other material objects dated to the early medieval period. She is at the forefront of a new kind of forensic history that requires understanding of scientific methods not traditionally taught in history departments—an approach reflected in her 2010 book, *Britain After Rome: The Fall and Rise, 400 to 1070*. In announcing the award, the MacArthur Foundation said she is “changing the way historians view early medieval Britain and providing a framework for incorporating material culture into the writing of history.”

“THE SCIENTIFIC ARCHAEOLOGY that has arisen in the last 15 years is a game-changer,” according to Fleming. “It’s been profoundly disruptive of everything I knew.” As an example, she said, “It turns out that there are tons of rich Africans living in Britain during the Roman period. That completely changes the way we think about the period. It changes the picture in our heads.”

Such findings emerge most notably from the analysis of stable isotopes trapped in bones and teeth. “We can tell, sometimes, what people ate,” said Fleming. “We can tell if they moved between adulthood and childhood. We can tell when they were weaned.” Fleming described a 4th-century skeleton that had been unearthed in 1901 in Britain near York when a railroad line was being constructed. It is now possible to know that she was a wealthy woman, probably of mixed race, half African and half European, Fleming said. “This kind of thing makes you realize the Roman Empire wasn’t white. That’s something that historians should know—it’s not just something that bio-archaeologists should know.”

Fleming is focused now on what life was like in Britain in the century after the collapse of the Roman Empire around 400. As the authority of the state disappeared, so did the orderly, hierarchical, economic structure. There was a great leveling, with little evidence of literacy or manufacturing know-how. “The question for me,” said the historian, “is, how do people get on with their lives? What do

they do under these circumstances? What happens when people have to build their world over again? And we can see them doing that in the early Middle Ages.”

The MacArthur recognition comes with a stipend of \$625,000, given over five years. Asked if she has a vision for what to do next, Fleming said, “Boy, do I have a vision!” Fleming said she wants to expand on the kind of workshop she put together last summer with a colleague from the University of Michigan, promoting interdisciplinary cooperation among historians and archaeologists. “Disciplinary boundaries are breaking down,” she said. “I’m really interested in making sure that medievalists understand that and take that on board and change their work.”

The workshop led to a decision to organize a conference that will include economic historians, art and literature scholars, and archaeologists, with the goal being to produce a volume that reinterprets English medieval history. The rule, she said, “is that everybody who participates has to write with somebody in a different discipline.”

“We actually think that the process is going to be interesting—and we think we’re going to fight a lot,” she said, merrily.

Fleming came to Boston College in 1989 as an assistant professor, by way of the University of California, Santa Barbara (BA and Ph.D.), and Harvard University (junior fellow, 1986–89). She said she received the call from the MacArthur Foundation in her office three weeks before the official announcement was made—during which time award winners are asked not to tell anyone beyond immediate family members. “I sort of sleepwalked for three weeks,” she said. “There have been a lot of parties since then. I’ve had enough parties now.”

Her favorite moment, she said, had come just the day before in her graduate seminar. “My graduate students made me a cake and they brought in wine, and they were all wearing these really sweet T-shirts that said ‘My Advisor is a Genius’ . . . And on the back it said, ‘No pressure, dot, dot, dot.’” ■

Dave Denison is a writer in the Boston area.

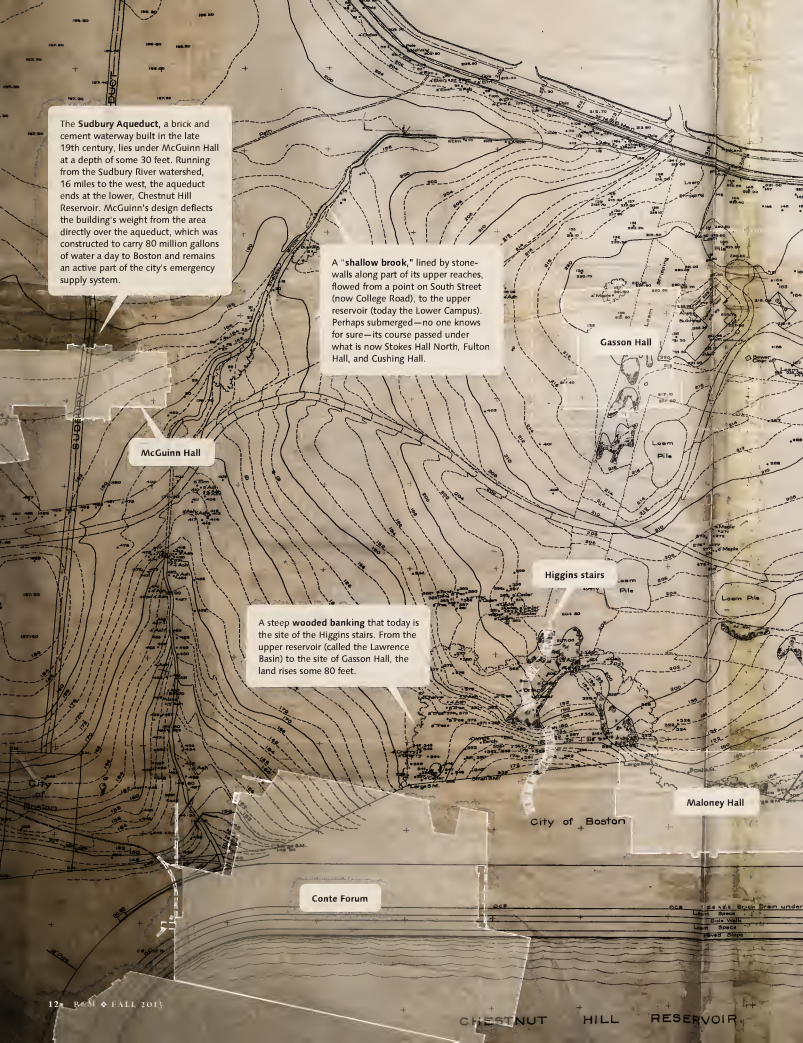
Healthy regard

Boston College has launched a new interdisciplinary minor—in Medical Humanities, Health, and Culture—focused through the lenses of the natural and social sciences, history, philosophy, theology, narrative prose (literary and journalistic), and the arts. Currently 29 courses are being offered, taught by faculty from the Connell School of Nursing, the Law School, the School of Theology and Ministry (STM), and the College of Arts and Sciences (A&S). Among the classes are “Public Policy in an Aging Society,” taught by research economist Matthew Rutledge of the University’s Center for Retirement Research; “Theological Bioethics,” taught by STM associate professor of moral theology Andrea Vicini, SJ; and “Writing the Body in Illness and Health,” taught by associate professor of English Amy Boesky, the program’s director. A required introductory course, also taught by Boesky, features lecturers from the departments of psychology, theology, and sociology, and readings from Susan Sontag, Michel Foucault, and others. Concentrations within the minor include global/public health, values and ethics, mind and body, healthcare delivery, and medical narrative.

The minor was developed with support from the University’s Institute for Liberal Arts, and its introduction in the fall semester is being marked on November 22 with a symposium cosponsored by the institute. The topic of the symposium is “Genetics, Narrative, and Identity.” Sessions will explore challenges to the individual—and the impact on families and communities—of genetic predispositions and diagnoses for conditions such as Huntington’s Disease, Alzheimer’s, cystic fibrosis, and Fragile X.

The Medical Humanities, Health, and Culture minor joins 19 interdisciplinary minors in A&S and is the first to be added since the introduction of Islamic civilization and societies in 2007.

—Zak Jason



The **Sudbury Aqueduct**, a brick and cement waterway built in the late 19th century, lies under McGuinn Hall at a depth of some 30 feet. Running from the Sudbury River watershed, 16 miles to the west, the aqueduct ends at the lower, Chestnut Hill Reservoir. McGuinn's design deflects the building's weight from the area directly over the aqueduct, which was constructed to carry 80 million gallons of water a day to Boston and remains an active part of the city's emergency supply system.

A "shallow brook," lined by stone-walls along part of its upper reaches, flowed from a point on South Street (now College Road), to the upper reservoir (today the Lower Campus). Perhaps submerged—no one knows for sure—its course passed under what is now Stokes Hall North, Fulton Hall, and Cushing Hall.

McGuinn Hall

Gasson Hall

Loom Pile

Higgins stairs

Loom Pile

A steep wooded banking that today is the site of the Higgins stairs. From the upper reservoir (called the Lawrence Basin) to the site of Gasson Hall, the land rises some 80 feet.

Maloney Hall

City of Boston

Conte Forum

CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR

College Road

This 100-x-60-foot stone barn was considered as a possible residence for the Jesuits (assuming a goodly retrofit), though that idea was not pursued, the site became the exact location of St. Mary's Hall. A stone wall runs downhill from the barn, ending in what is now the middle of Maloney Hall. Stones from throughout Boston College's 35-acre property were used in the construction of St. Mary's and Gasson Hall.

St. Mary's Hall

An orchard of cherries and pears was already partially lost to the loam-stripping done in preparation for street-building. Amos Adams Lawrence had started the plantings in the 1860s and 1870s, and, according to a nephew's account, "to it he rode almost every day in the year . . . giving play to his taste for farming and country life."

Robsham Theater

LAWRENCE BASIN.



At a Shaan rehearsal in Lyons Hall, clockwise from piano: Priyasha Chaturvedi, Shalin Mehta '16, Jordan Witter '14, Andrew Lee, Mat Thomas, Jessica Leong, Sourabh Banthia, John Thompson, and Shriti Balasuryan '14.

The audition

By Shannon Hunt

Hooray for Bollywood

Over two afternoons of a weekend in early September, six returning members of Shaan, the newest a cappella group on campus, held auditions in the O'Connell House music room, an elegant parlor with intricate molding, a fireplace, and a somewhat gritty grand piano. Having lost seven members—five to graduation and two to attrition—the coed ensemble, which numbered 15 performers last year, was looking for new vocalists, “especially a tenor and a bass,” said Priyasha Chaturvedi '14, Shaan's president, its music codirector, and a soprano. It was a scene likely mirrored at auditions going on across campus for Boston College's nine other a cappella groups, except for one question on the Shaan audition sheet: “What's your favorite Bollywood song?”

Shaan, which means “pride” in Hindi, is Boston College's first South Asian a cappella group. To the doo-wahs and

vocal beatboxing of standard collegiate a cappella, Shaan adds the rhythms, melodies, and Hindi lyrics of popular Bollywood songs, sometimes entwined in mashups with popular western tunes—“Kabira” (Encore), from the 2013 generation Y romantic comedy *Yeh Jawaani Hai Deewani* (This Youth Is Crazy), paired with Justin Timberlake's “Mirrors,” for example.

The group was founded in fall 2010, as an offshoot of the South Asian Student Association (SASA) and made a splash at the SASA 2011 Culture Show the following spring, when the vocalists performed an arrangement of “Jiya Jale” (My Feelings are Rekindled), a fast-paced lilting tune from the 1998 movie *Dil Se* (From the Heart). The group has opened for Voices of Imani, the University's gospel choir, and for a Bollywood-themed theater department production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* staged at the Robsham

Theater in April 2012. Now a registered student organization in its own right, Shaan performed at Acappellafest on September 14 and will sing at the Arts Festival in the spring, the men dressed in white tunics over maroon pants with maroon-and-gold scarves, and the women wearing maroon tunics over white leggings with white and gold scarves. The group's performances are fist-pumping, hip-swaying exuberant, even while shying from the flamboyant choreography of Bollywood shows.

The Shaan auditions attract students with a range of musical backgrounds. “Some are people who come to college with choral experience and know they want to continue singing,” said Jessica Leong '14, a soprano in her third year with Shaan. “Some have never had the opportunity to sing with a group and want to explore that in college.”

Sourabh Banthia '17, a bass, was first to audition. He didn't have any sort of formal music background, he said, though he had recently joined the marching band as a cymbal player. Learning that Banthia had arrived from India for the first time less than two weeks earlier, Chaturvedi, a native of Massachusetts, encouraged him to attend a SASA gathering the next day. “There are going to be samosas,” she promised.

When it came time to sing, Banthia looked nervous, shifting back and forth from foot to foot. “We'll warm up along with you,” Chaturvedi said, and Shaan's members, seated in chairs lined up along the window, joined him in ascending oooh's and descending aaah's. Chaturvedi listened for the limits of his range, and reported to codirector Mat Thomas '14 that “the F sharp was too low, but the G worked.” Next, she told Banthia, “Mat will sing a note, and you should try to match his pitch and volume, blending so you sound like one voice.” Finally, the group sat back and listened as Banthia performed his audition song—“Tum Hi Ho” (It Is Only You), an earnest, slow-paced ballad from the recent Bollywood blockbuster *Aashiqui 2*.

Shaan's secretary, John Thompson '14, a bass who is also from Massachusetts, was positioned at a table outside the music room, greeting visitors with audi-

tion sheets and a package of chocolate chip cookies. When the next candidate turned out to be another international student, this time from China, Thompson observed to a companion, "By default, we're the most international a cappella group on campus." When he tells people he performs with Shaan, he said, the usual reaction is, "Do you speak Hindi?" But honestly, I don't know what I'm saying." "I'm here," he says, "because I just love to sing and I like new and different things."

When there are Hindi lyrics that everyone needs to learn, Chaturvedi emails a phonetic version to the group. As Leong describes the experience of singing with Shaan, the words may not be familiar to her, but "I'm making the right sounds."

If the soloist doesn't speak Hindi, Chaturvedi says, she usually works on the pronunciation one-on-one.

Most of the student auditioners—there were 15 in all—opted for a solo in English. Andrew Lee '16, a tenor from Massachusetts by way of Seoul, Korea, and Los Angeles, noted on his audition sheet that he had spent two summers singing opera in Italy. After apologizing for his scratchy voice ("Don't worry, we're all sick too," replied Chaturvedi), he belted out Frankie Valli's "Can't Take My Eyes off You." Afterward, Leong asked Lee, "When you first walked in, you said you really wanted to join this organization. Why?"

Lee explained that he had missed the group's recent performance at an a cappella showcase held for freshmen in the McMullen Museum, "but my friends said, 'Dude, you've got to join that group—that mashup was so sick.'"

"I said, 'But I'm not South Asian.' My friends said, 'It's OK, there was a white guy there.'" The members of Shaan cracked up, and all eyes turned to Thompson, who just grinned.

THOUGH SOUTH ASIAN A CAPPELLA may be new to the Boston College community, it's been part of the collegiate scene for almost 20 years, with the 1996 founding of Penn Masala at the University of Pennsylvania. (There is no tradition of a cappella in India.) An invitational showcase, Sa Re Ga Ma Pa (after *Sa Re Ga Ma Pa*, the name of a singing competition on Indian TV and the pitches in an

Indian musical scale), was started at the University of Michigan in 2010 and has since been hosted on several campuses.

When they were starting out, Shaan's members looked to more experienced groups for inspiration, watching their performances on YouTube (Chaturvedi also consulted a cousin in Michigan's Maize Mirchi). Now Shaan generates its own repertoire. The group votes on a list of song prospects, and codirectors Chaturvedi and Thomas work out arrangements of the top three or four picks.

And how have more established musical groups on campus reacted to the new-

comers? "They're great," says Terry Gelsi '15 of the Dynamics. "Most people here haven't heard traditional Bollywood, let alone it mixed with Coldplay. They bring a much-needed cultural component to a cappella at BC." Shaan's visibility on campus will likely increase with the release of its first album, due out this winter.

With auditions concluded, Shaan numbers 13 members (11 singers and two beatboxers). Lee and Bantia both made the cut, as did three alums: freshmen Haesoo Yoon and Lucy Xu, and Kayla Costigan '15. ■

Shannon Hunt is a Boston-based writer.

@Journalism

By William Bole

A practitioner's guide to blogging, social media, and the online revenue stream

On a Wednesday afternoon in early September, Boston College Journalism Fellow Maura Johnston invited her students in "Journalism and New Media" to open up their diaries—media diaries. The class of 15 had been asked to log their every use of online media over a single day, and to be ready to discuss the entries. The professor, voluble and cordial, sat behind her ruby-colored laptop at a table at the front of the room in Stokes Hall. She volunteered to go first.

A 1997 graduate of Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism, Johnston was, in 2006, a founding editor of Gawker Media's music blog *Idolator* (regarding her influence, the *New Yorker* music critic Sasha Frere-Jones once tweeted, "If my Google Reader contains less than 50 percent @Maura, what's the point?"). She is the former music editor of the *Village Voice* and current editor of *Maura Magazine*, an 11-month-old online culture review that features writing by herself and others from, she says,

"a decidedly enthusiastic perspective." (Recent articles include musings on the allure of the Amish on reality television; a retrospective appraisal of Nirvana's 1993 *In Utero* album; and Johnston's own look at the "maddening, endless appeal of Candy Crush Saga," the popular puzzle game played on mobile devices.) Essays, reviews, and blogs by Johnston can be found online at Slate, Spin, *Rolling Stone*, *Vanity Fair Daily*, the *New York Times*, and NPR. She has also taught music journalism at New York University.

Boston College's Institute for the Liberal Arts (ILA) has brought Johnston in as its first Journalism Fellow. The one-year appointment also involves teaching and working with student journalists outside of class, as well as meetings with faculty members who are interested in writing journalistically. Johnston's course is part of the journalism concentration offered since 2012 in the American studies minor directed by Carlo Rotella. An English professor, Rotella has written for

high-profile outlets such as the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* magazines. He says one gap in the new journalism initiative at Boston College has been new media, and that is what led to the appointment of Johnston, whom he describes as a “founding figure and leading voice in online journalism.” Johnston’s fall course was added to the University’s offerings in late summer, after students had already registered for classes, but it filled quickly. Connor Mellas ’15, an English and communication student, says he heard about the class when “one of my friends tweeted about it.”

PORING THROUGH HER DIARY IN front of the students, Johnston mentioned several items that caught her attention. These included a new Miley Cyrus video (“boring, but I liked the song”) and a *Washington Post* article about low-income people whose homes are foreclosed because of small local tax liens, after the debts are auctioned to private investors. Johnston noted that nearly all of the articles came to her from reading favorite Twitter feeds and clicking on links. “I’ve been trying to wean myself off Twitter. It can be a time suck,” the instructor said.

The students sat at adjoining rectangular tables in the small seminar room, surrounded by whiteboards and a single chalkboard, located behind Johnston. The first to volunteer was a thickset young man with a crewcut and a closely shaved beard; his diary recorded that in addition to browsing MondayMorningQuarterback.com and scattered coverage of a presidential press conference on Syria, he’d spent time at FilmDrunk.com. Few in the room had heard of the site (self-described as “comedy for film lovers”), judging by the flurry of Google searches on laptops. Johnston interjected to ask why he goes to that source. He said, “It combines high writing skills with low humor. I like that.” Other students reported a somewhat balanced diet of entertainment, sports, and public affairs news, driven their way by Twitter mostly. A casual observer could easily miss the fact that practically all of the reading was done on their phones.

Getting students to think about the online air they breathe is a large thrust of



Johnston: “Blogging has become more responsible.”

the course. According to Johnston, the class emphasizes both theory and practice—reflection and writing. Among other work, students are required to set up a weekly blog on the class website (“run wild” were Johnston’s final words when she gave that assignment). An end-of-semester project involves crafting a 2,000-word online feature story with multimedia supplements such as photo galleries, audio clips, and video shorts. The aim, says Johnston, is to help students forge their own “critical framework” for understanding the strengths and weaknesses of online media.

As to the state of the online world, Johnston can be more critical in an interview than she lets on in class. “I want them”—the students—“to figure it out on their own,” she says with an expansive wave of both hands. In the classroom, she asks fairly open-ended questions, and her declarative sentences end with an upward lilt, as though she were floating a question. Still, her views about online media’s present limitations come clear in her teaching. When summarizing her media diary, Johnston pointed out that it was “a reflection of the company I keep on the Web.” Later on, she elaborated for the students. Social media—Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr, and so on—create, she said, a “self-reinforcing sphere that makes your worldview seem like it’s the entire world.”

On September 25, Johnston opened class with breaking news: *Popular Science* magazine had announced it was shutting down the comments section that followed its web postings. The 141-year-old publication faulted a “fractious minority” of “shrill, boorish” commenters for skewing the online conversation.

“What do you guys think of this decision?” she asked.

A male student with a mop of dishwater blonde hair replied, “I don’t think my user experience has ever been enhanced by a comments section. It’s mostly toxic.” Another student sporting a long-flowing scarf disagreed: “It often gives me a different take on the article,” she said. That prompted two others to commend Deadspin, a Gawker-owned sports website that asks its readers, “Got gossip?” Then, two students with experience handling this issue spoke up. Emily Akin ’15, online manager of the *Gavel*, which bills itself as “the progressive student voice of Boston College,” related that the monthly magazine is planning to reroute its comments section to a Facebook page, to at least make it hard for readers to post anonymously. “We’ve had issues with that,” she allowed. Mellas, an assistant copy editor at the *Heights*, shared his experience two summers ago as a *National Review* intern with responsibilities for approving or rejecting reader comments.

"That stuff is horrible," he said of the inflammatory remarks and even racial slurs that he relegated to the trash bin.

With those thoughts fresh, Johnston moved the subject to blogging. After delivering a historical thumbnail of that "art form," as she termed it (a milestone was 2004, when Merriam-Webster Dictionary declared "blog" the word of the year), she called for discussion and seemed genuinely taken aback by what she heard. The students associated blogging mainly with amateurish online ramblings. "It seems like something I would do," one young woman said, in contrast to what she'd expect from an experienced professional journalist. Johnston, with years of professional blogging to her name, made an opposing case, saying that "blogging has become more responsible" and holding up such examples as the Corner at *National Review* and the staff blog at Talking Points Memo.

ASSIGNED TEXTS FOR "JOURNALISM and New Media" include the *Associated Press Stylebook* (Johnston is partial to old-media standards, particularly diligent fact-checking and scrupulous attribution). Students are also required to read blogs and columns about online media, notably *This Week in Review* at Harvard University's Nieman Journalism Lab website. An unavoidable topic in the class has been the sobering revenue model of much online journalism, which often involves tying a writer's pay and performance review to how many clicks or views each article receives from readers. This forces journalists to market their own pieces through social media and other outlets, including those operated by people and organizations they may cover. "Writers just have to do that," Johnston told the class. But, she also said, "It's an ethical dilemma," alluding specifically to the need for boundaries between people who make the news and those who report it. Maura Magazine, with its revenue tied entirely to subscriptions, is one attempt to "create a sustainable model not based on page views," Johnston noted in an interview.

Next semester, Johnston will teach a course called "Writing about Popular Music." She will continue to participate

in the ILA's Seminar on Academia and Public Life, which brings together faculty of various disciplines who are trying to practice journalism in general-interest publications. And, it is hoped, she will continue to fill the three-to-five-p.m. slot

on Tuesdays at Boston College's WZBC, where, according to the program notes, her radio show, "Maura Dot Com Slash WZBC," offers "music that's excited her and guests whose opinions . . . have tickled her brain." ■

Worldwide classrooms

Boston College has begun offering classes through Semester Online, a Web-based consortium that provides for-credit courses to qualified undergraduates. Six universities are contributing 11 courses in total to the program's launch this semester—Emory, Northwestern, North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Notre Dame, Washington University in St. Louis, and Boston College. Brandeis, Wake Forest, the University of Melbourne, and Trinity College, Dublin, will introduce classes in spring 2014.

Unlike MOOCs (massive open online courses), which are free and available to anyone with Internet service, Semester Online limits admission to sophomores, juniors, and seniors with at least a 2.0 grade point average at a domestic or foreign undergraduate institution. Up to three sections of a course are taught, each capped at 20 students. Enrollees receive access to course materials such as video lectures, slideshows, and written documents. Each section meets with the professor weekly via an online interface for 80-minute discussions. Students and professor are able to see a grid of all participants, streamed live by means of their webcams. Students can collaborate on class projects through the same interface. Tests are taken online.

For undergraduates at Semester Online's teaching institutions, the cost of enrolling in the program's fall and spring classes is covered by tuition. Students at unaffiliated colleges and universities are charged \$4,200 per course. All students will pay for summer courses.

This fall, Boston College presented two courses: "How to Rule the World" (with readings ranging from the Bible to Machiavelli to Shakespeare), taught by Behrakis Professor of Hellenic Political Studies Robert Bartlett; and "Vietnam: The War that Never Ends," taught by associate professor of history Seth Jacobs.

SEMESTER ONLINE FALL LINEUP:

- | | |
|---|--|
| "Baseball in American Culture," Emory University (English department) | "Financial Accounting and Reporting," University of North Carolina (Kenan-Flagler Business School) |
| "Drugs and Behavior," Emory University (psychology) | "Leading and Managing," University of North Carolina (Kenan-Flagler Business School) |
| "Power, Politics, and Religion in America," Emory University (history) | "Integrated Marketing Communications," Northwestern University (Medill School of Journalism) |
| "Environmental and Energy Policies," Washington University in St. Louis (political science) | "How to Rule the World," Boston College (political science) |
| "The Rise of Christianity," University of Notre Dame (theology) | "Vietnam: The War that Never Ends," Boston College (history) |
| "Shakespeare and Film," University of Notre Dame (English) | |

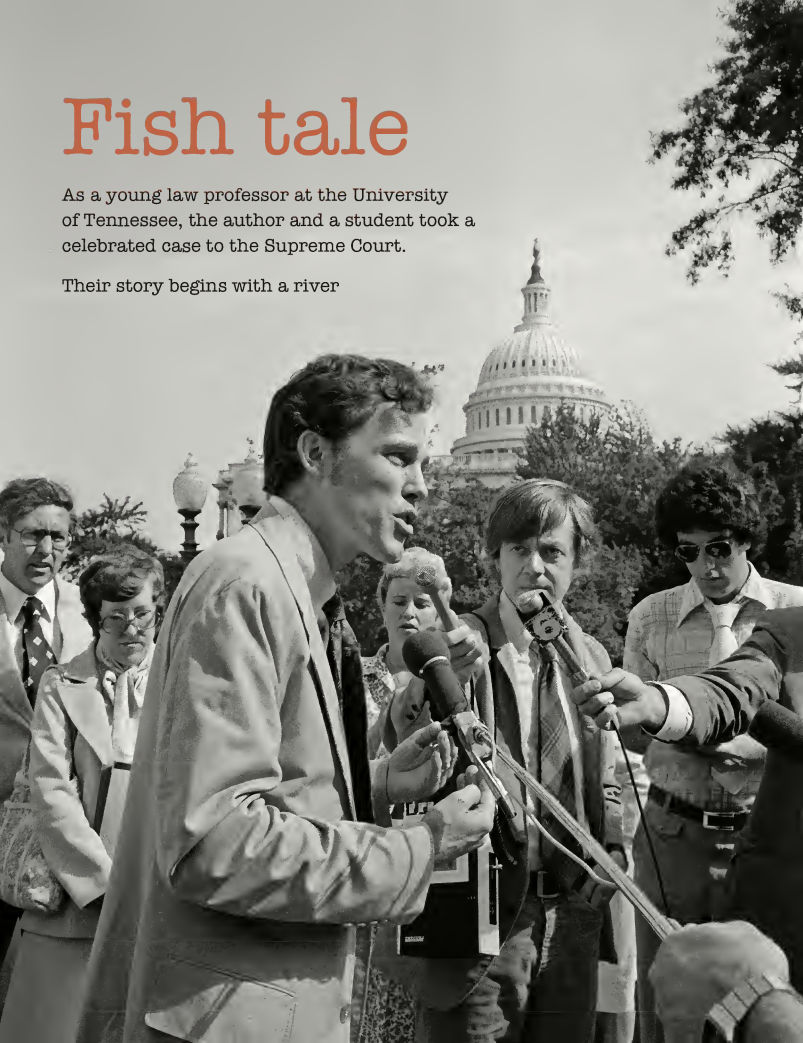


Seth Jacobs and Robert Bartlett describe their Semester Online courses in videos that may be viewed via Full Story, at www.bc.edu/bcm.

Fish tale

As a young law professor at the University of Tennessee, the author and a student took a celebrated case to the Supreme Court.

Their story begins with a river



BY ZYGMUNT J. B. PLATER

I

N THE 1970s, a dam project called the Tellico, in a rural corner of eastern Tennessee, captured the nation's attention when a motley collection of farmers, trout fishermen, Cherokee Indians, history buffs, and conservationists tried to stop it, claiming that it would destroy the only known habitat of a small, brown, bottom-dwelling species of perch. As reported in the national press, what came to be known as the "snail darter" controversy (a nod to *Percina Imostoma tanasi*'s common name) was a quixotic face-off between a two-inch fish of no known value and a hydroelectric dam: an example of environmental extremism and governmental protections gone haywire.

But there is an alternative version of the events that I witnessed—more troubling and complex—turning on the unchecked ambitions of a federal agency, on the ways in

which democratic processes can be bent to injustice, and on a press corps that was largely asleep at the wheel. In this telling, what was at stake was not only the government-sanctioned extinction of an animal species—the proximate cause of the dispute that still defines it in the memories of Americans who followed the headlines at the time—but also, more important, of a pristine river and a pastoral way of life with deep historical roots.

This less familiar version of the story might begin in 1964, when white cars with federal license plates appeared on the back roads of southeastern Tennessee, stopping at one farm after another along the Little Tennessee River. The cars bore the insignia of the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). "We're buying your land for a new reservoir project," appraisers working for the TVA told the farmers.

One of the most lauded creations of the New Deal, the TVA was and is a federally owned nonprofit corporation, endowed with the policymaking authority of a government agency and the market-driven incentives of a business. Established in 1933, the TVA's jurisdiction covered most of Tennessee and portions of Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia. The corporation's mission was to serve this region as an engine of economic development, primarily through rural electrification. By the 1960s the TVA had become the dominant political power in the southeastern United States, with 30,000 judges, mayors, state and local political leaders, newspaper editors, labor and business leaders, and power distributors enrolled in its booster club, the Citizens for TVA. The cheap electricity supplied by the TVA's hydroelectric and coal-fired plants had substantially changed Appalachian society, helping to pull much of the population, especially in small towns, out of poverty.

Unlike other federal agencies, the TVA was exempt from more than a dozen federal statutes—notably, from restrictions on land condemnation, the taking of private property by government for public use. Alone among government agencies, TVA was not hampered by juries in deciding the terms of compensation for the acreage it appropriated. Bypassing Congress's standing committees, the agency could obtain money for its projects directly from congressional appropriations committees, the source of pork-barrel support for legislators' pet projects.

Notwithstanding its political clout, the TVA in the early 1960s was suffering from internal malaise. Although the Eisenhower administration's mandate had been to shrink and privatize the agency, federal appointees sent down to Tennessee had done the opposite, broadly extending the agency's regional footprint. The older generation of leaders—chief among them the agency's board chairman, Aubrey Joseph Wagner—had built a gigantic corporation of

Plater (at microphone) was a first-year law professor when he proposed to take on the Tennessee Valley Authority on behalf of a small fish and to save endangered farmland. Four years later and just days after the Supreme Court decided his case in June 1978, he spoke with reporters in Washington, D.C.

electricity-producing plants. Now the corporation's brightest young engineers and planners, surmising that the agency's mission had shifted from growth to maintenance, were pursuing careers elsewhere.

Looking to rekindle the agency's spirit and dynamism, Wagner cast his eye on the last flowing water in eastern Tennessee that TVA had not already dammed—at the juncture of the Big and Little Tennessee rivers. The Tellico Dam would have no generators and would actually be quite small; with uncharacteristic candor, Wagner once told a reporter that “any power or flood control benefit would be insignificant.” What's more, internal TVA cost accounting showed that the dam would lose 40 to 50 cents for every dollar spent. So why build the dam? Wagner and his staff came up with two reasons.

First, they hypothesized that use of the reservoir for boating and fishing would generate more than \$1 million a year. They ignored or purged economists at the TVA who objected that it was wrong to count as a net benefit recreation diverted from existing reservoirs, and equally wrong to ignore the potential economic benefit of developing tourism for recreation on the flowing river.

Second, harking back to the agency's economic development role during the Depression, Wagner and his staff conjectured that building a model industrial city of 50,000 people on the banks of a Tellico reservoir would create 25,000 jobs. The city would be built on the land then occupied by more than 300 family farms. At first the agency found a likely partner in this undertaking. The Boeing Company, facing stiff competition in its airplane markets, was looking for new lines of business and agreed to join with TVA to design the town and lobby Congress for the \$800 million that TVA thought would be needed to build it.

Why site an industrial city on a backwater in the Smokies? Anticipating the question, Wagner's protégé, Mike Foster, came up with the “Foster Hypothesis,” which asserted that industry would inevitably come to any site where three modes of transportation were available: rail, highway, and barge channel. The Tellico Dam project was adjacent to a railroad line and two interstate highways. To justify the model city, which in turn justified the dam, a barge channel would be dug.

Dissident agency economists as well as the Army Corps of Engineers pointed out the absence of any evidence for the validity of Foster's claims. They, too, were brushed aside.

The project, having been named, took on a life of its own, fed by bureaucratic momentum. Thus TVA proceeded to condemn and clear 60 square miles of private land, almost two-thirds of which would be for uses other than the reservoir itself—primarily the model town. The more than 300 farming families would be forced to abandon some of the richest agricultural soils in the nation so that the agency

could press development claims for its hypothetical city. The agricultural economies of the valley and small surrounding towns would be eliminated.

To keep the scale of these farmland condemnations as invisible as possible, Wagner decreed that no publicly released TVA map of the project would fully show the 23,600 acres that would be put to non-reservoir uses.

The communities displaced by the Tellico Dam project had been farming the valley since the 1830s, when federal armies evicted the Cherokee from the region. Many families were of the same Scotch-Irish stock as Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone. Sam Houston grew up near the river and lived for a while there with the Cherokee. As pioneers, these families had moved south and westward, following the chain of the Appalachian Mountains to stay ahead of the town-building pressures coming from the east. When they saw the rich soils and fish-filled waters of the Little Tennessee Valley, some decided to settle there and push on no more.

What would be submerged by the reservoir would also be a tragic loss. The 33-mile undammed stretch of the Little Tennessee (or Little T, as the locals called it) was an ecological treasure, preserving a barely known cross section of hundreds of forms of life that had evolved in and along the river over the course of 200 million years. An article in *Field & Stream* magazine had described the river with awe: cool and clear, shallow but wide and majestic in its flow, the biggest and finest trout water east of Montana. The fish fed on mayflies and caddisflies, which hatched in the current and fluttered up through the mist like a snowfall in reverse. Burial mounds and other archaeological sites bore traces of 10,000-year-old settlements and centuries-old Cherokee communities. Traditional medicine men—the descendants of Sequoyah—still came to the Little Tennessee's banks to gather herbs.

Once the dam and its earthen dikes were operational, walling off the main channel of the river, the waters of the Little T would slowly back up 33 miles, all the way to the Smokies. The result would be a serpentine impoundment, murky with algae and averaging less than 20 feet in depth. Mud and water would drown the rich meadowlands along

“The Act had some teeth added to it last year,” Hank said, “so an endangered fish might be able to block Tellico Dam. Do you think that's enough for a 10-page paper?”



The Little Tennessee in 1970: A highway bridge and a railroad trestle cross near the top of the image. A colonial-era fort appears near the bottom (it survives).

both banks of the old river, flooding all the ancestral Native American town sites except the burial ground at Settagoo, which would become eroded mudflats. The Little T would no longer be a river, but something less.

When TVA appraisers started knocking on farmhouse doors in 1964, they began a long, bitter battle between the giant federal utility and the farmers—a group convinced from the start that TVA's small dam was an irrational mistake. Seeking evidence to back up their intuition, the farmers dug into the details of TVA's project, eventually with help from the Environmental Defense Fund, which was founded in 1967. The deeper the farmers and defense fund staff went, the more flawed the agency's plans appeared. The project made no economic sense, they discovered: Alternative development designs—agriculture, tourism, recreational resources, and an industrial park—could foster far more economic benefits than a dam, while keeping landowners on their farms and the river flowing.

"If people looked at this project," a frustrated Nell McCall, one of the farm owners, said at a community meeting, "they'd see it's nuthin' but a crooked land grab."

The farmers and their allies, however, found it virtually impossible to get the press or anyone in power to listen. They tried fighting the land condemnations, carpooling to Washington, D.C., to testify against the project before Congressional committees and writing letters to the *Knoxville Journal* and other local newspapers. Because TVA initially refused to produce a required environmental impact statement, they won a temporary injunction in federal court in 1972 halting the project, but when the corporation reversed its position and submitted an impact statement the following year, the injunction was lifted and TVA's bulldozing proceeded. Again and again, TVA, with support from friends in Washington, thwarted the efforts of the citizens—in the courts, in Congressional committees, and in the offices of federal agencies. Demoralized, the local dam fighters saw their ranks grow thinner by the year.

Then, in 1974, a small fish swam into the controversy.

That fall, Hiram Hill, Jr. (known as Hank), a student of mine at the University of Tennessee College of Law, was searching for a topic for the term paper I had assigned in my environmental law course. Shaggy-haired, built inside and out like one of those cherry bombs sold surrepti-

tiously at stands on the highway south of the river, and raised at the base of Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Hank was bright and pugnacious. One afternoon he came to my office with a question. That past summer, he said, he had often socialized with a raucous bunch of graduate students who were studying fish biology under an eminent and equally feisty UT scientist, ichthyologist David Etnier. Hank's friends told him about a discovery that Etnier and his doctoral student Bob Stiles had made on the second Sunday of August 1973. They were wading along the shoals near Coytee Spring, on the Little T, when Etnier, wearing an underwater face-mask, peered between some cobblestones and grabbed a dappled, tan-colored, two-inch fish. Etnier called out to Stiles to come over and look. "Here's a darter that's never before been identified," he said. "They probably lived in other stretches of big river around here, but they'll all have been killed off now by the dams. We'll have to see, but this little fish looks like she's going to be a new endangered species."

Back in the lab, Etnier confirmed that the fish he'd caught belonged to a previously unknown species of perch. Because the fish liked to feed on tiny river snails, Etnier and his students started calling their find a snail darter. After more study, they determined that the fish had a three-year lifespan and estimated that the population in the Little T—and nowhere else—was 25,000.

Hank described to me what his fish biologist friends had found. "The Endangered Species Act had some teeth added to it last year," he said, "so an endangered fish might be able to block Tellico Dam. Do you think that's enough for a 10-page paper?"

I said yes, I thought it was.

President Richard Nixon had signed the Endangered Species Act of 1973 into law the year before, on December 28th. Hank was right: His research showed that the bill offered a new approach to building a case against the dam, in effect extending protection of endangered species to the ecological habitat on which species depend.



Nell and Asa McCall on their roughly 90-acre condemned farm. Behind them is the Little Tennessee.

Hank's research on the Endangered Species Act's legislative history unearthed evidence in the Congressional Record and committee reports that most legislators assumed they were voting to protect eagles, whooping cranes, and such, but a few had said more than once that the law should prohibit the harming of any species and be strictly enforced against federal agencies. The more Hank and I mulled over the Endangered Species Act, the clearer it became to us that killing off the darter would be a violation of that law.

Given the spirit of the times, an idea like that couldn't remain just an academic notion, dispatched in a law school term paper. My mentor, Joe Sax, the nation's preeminent environmental law professor, then teaching at the University of Michigan, had visited UT recently and urged students to put their ideas to work. If a chance arises to put the law and your legal analysis into action on something important, he had said, you go for it.

By late September, Hank and I, along with a couple of bemused volunteers from several UT departments and the law school, decided that we had the law and scientific facts necessary for a legal campaign to stop the destruction of the darter and its river. Nevertheless, we worried about how

to proceed, wondering what prospects for legal victory could be expected of a student with a shaky grade point average and an untenured freshman law professor. The best course, we reasoned, would be to give all the evidence we had to the Department of the Interior, and let the department enforce the law against the TVA. To back us up, we would need a national environmental group with money and legal staff that could jump in if necessary and bring the case to court.

The Department of the Interior declined to move on the issue, so for several weeks we sent out pleas to national organizations to take on this mission. Although the Environmental Defense Fund had paid for and staffed the farmers' earlier environmental impact litigation, that group said it had no more time or resources to give. The National Wildlife Federation also reviewed our legal and biological arguments and concluded that the chances of winning such a case were slim.

The battle for the fish and the river, we realized, would have to be a local production.

Hank and I took our case to the remaining members of the Association for the Preservation of the Little T—the group that had been fighting the dam since the 1960s. Hank was a native Tennessean, but he was studying at a university that many regarded as left-wing. In my Earth shoes and turtleneck, I could be pigeonholed as the Northern academic carpetbagger that I was. Even so, about two dozen people were gathered in the small log blockhouse of the old fort above the river, most of them farmers. Over a potluck dinner, we explained our idea to sue the TVA under the Endangered Species Act. The group reacted with raised eyebrows.

"That's it?" Nell McCall's husband, Asa, asked us skeptically. "All these years talking about the land and the river, and now it comes down to a bitty fish?"

Tubby Hammontree, another farmer, said ruefully, "It's gotten so most people in this area think of any of us farmers still staying on the land as an embarrassment. They look down at their feet and shuffle, and they say, 'So much is gone already, why not just take TVA's money and let them get on with it?'"

Jean Ritchey said, "Nothing is simple when you're dealing with TVA. And I don't trust those other agencies either. They're all political, ever one of them." She shook her finger for emphasis as she talked. Beside her, her husband, Ben, and their three grown daughters nodded in agreement. They lived on a little plateau, back from the river, in a typical eastern Tennessee single-story clapboard farmhouse with a sway-roof porch, farming 120 acres. The TVA planned to flood only two or three of those acres but was set on taking them all.

No one that night talked about saving the fish for its own sake, as a fragile creature of God or an ecological rarity deserving protection.

And then there was the two-inch fish. "Isn't everyone going to say it's ridiculous, using a little fish like this against the dam?" someone asked.

No one that night talked about saving the fish for its own sake, as a fragile creature of God or an ecological rarity deserving protection. No one in that group would have stepped up for more years of painful effort if the Tellico project had made economic sense and the fish alone had been at stake.

What united them, in the end, was their attachment to the land, their love of the river, and their anger at TVA. And so, after much hesitant discussion about the wisdom and consequences of using the legal argument that Hank and I had proposed, the farmers, battle-worn after a dozen years of fighting, decided nevertheless to launch one final push to block the dam and its real estate development project.

The suit was not to be *Tellico Farmers v. TVA*, though. "Don't get us wrong," Alfred Davis, one of the farmers, said. "We'll back you hard. We'll travel to Nashville and all the way to Washington to help you make the case. We've done that before and we'll do it again. You can count on us. But people around here will say it's wrong for us to be suing TVA again ourselves—getting a second bite at the apple." Thus the lawsuit we would launch into the federal court system would be *Hiram Hill, Zygmunt Plater, and Donald Cohen* [another volunteer from the University of Tennessee Law School] *v. TVA*.

We began by petitioning the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service within the Department of the Interior to add the snail darter to its list of endangered species—a necessary step for our claim that the Endangered Species Act was being violated. This was accomplished on October 9, 1975, after much internecine wrangling, pitting Interior department staff against their own higher-level administrators; against Ray Blanton, the governor of Tennessee; and against members of Congress in both houses and on both sides of the aisle, notably Howard Baker, the Republican Senate minority leader representing Tennessee, and John Stennis, a Democrat and the senior senator from Mississippi. Stennis chaired the Committee on Armed Services, whose purview included the Army Corps of Engineers. He worried

about the snail darter's status creating a precedent, with the Endangered Species Act seen as a potential threat to the Army Corps of Engineers' Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, a multibillion-dollar public works project, the biggest in the Corps' 200-year history.

Ultimately, the snail darter was able to trump these powerful opponents because of a tactical error by TVA. Biologists for the corporation began capturing snail darters and transplanting them to other rivers, thinking that if they could show the fish surviving elsewhere, the species couldn't be considered endangered. The TVA was taking the position that it had no duty even to discuss the matter with Interior and could do whatever it wanted with darters from the Little T. Hearing this infuriated Interior officials, who promptly moved the snail darter to the endangered species list.

Getting the endangered species designation opened the door once again to the federal court system. In 1976, Donald Cohen, Hank, and I, along with a few UT student volunteers, launched our suit for an injunction against TVA before the only federal judge in the Eastern District of Tennessee, Robert Love Taylor—a judge whom TVA appraisers once described as “our own.” Losing there, we took our case to a panel of three judges serving the federal appeals court in Cincinnati—finally moving out of TVA's backyard—and in 1977 won a unanimous victory.

At last, the issue claimed the attention of the national press, though not on its merits. “Little fish blocks big dam” made good copy, and that was as far as most print and television journalists were willing to take the story. Walter Cronkite called the case “frivolous” on the *CBS Evening News*. “Everybody, and I mean everybody, is making fun of your fish,” a conservation lobbyist told me.

The TVA, for its part, appealed the Cincinnati judges' decision to the Supreme Court. I argued our case before the Court on April 18, 1978.

That June, the Court ruled six to three in the matter of *Tennessee Valley Authority v. Hill et al.* to halt construction of the dam—most surprisingly, with the conservative Chief Justice Warren Burger writing the opinion for the majority.

Reacting to the decision and the ensuing media hullabaloo, Congress amended the Endangered Species Act in November 1978 to create what quickly became known as the “God Committee.” The eight-member Cabinet-level team (including the secretaries of Agriculture, Interior, Army, and Transportation) was empowered to override endangered species protections wherever a formal economic analysis showed that human necessities outweighed the value of species preservation. It decided the snail darter's case in January 1979, holding unanimously that the dam had never made economic sense. The media virtually ignored the verdict.

In the popular rendition of this story, the use of the Endangered Species Act to try to stop the dam was an act of hypocrisy: The claimants didn't really care about the fish; they were just using it as a technicality. At least in part, the charge is easy to counter: The claimants had no choice other than the snail darter. To resist a destructive, uneconomic project, they had to use the only practical tool available—much as the FBI nabbed Al Capone for tax evasion because it couldn't get charges of murder or racketeering to stick. There's also the flip answer: “What good is a law if you can't use it?”

Filing a lawsuit is about the only way a citizen without money or power can compel any kind of official process against a wrong. You pay the filing fee (at the federal court in Knoxville it was then \$15), and at least that gets you an official hearing. The judge has to listen as you lay out the legal “cause of action” that you think is violated, and the critical facts that fit it. In the case of the snail darter, the legal formula consisted of the prohibitions found in Section Seven of the Endangered Species Act, which describes the special obligation that federal agencies have to protect species and their habitats. You get a hearing, and if the judge finds that the facts fit the law, you're supposed to win.

In the end, though, the courts did not have the last word, and neither did the God Committee. Congress did. In 1979, Tennessee's Senator Baker and other legislators friendly to the TVA quietly inserted a rider in a federal spending bill exempting the Tellico Dam from the Endangered Species Act. For that and other reasons, President Jimmy Carter threatened to veto the bill, but ultimately he did not—perhaps, it is said, because he feared popular ridicule for allowing an insignificant fish to thwart the will of a revered federal agency. And so, just a few months after President Carter signed the spending bill into law, the dam's gates came down, turning the Little Tennessee into a shallow lake. In the years since then, right-wing pundits have invoked the misbegotten story of a trivial fish versus a huge hydro dam as an icon of environmental extremism, using it to attack environmental protections and progressive regulation generally.

Here's what has happened in the years since the Little Tennessee River was impounded:

The holdout farm owners, including Nell McCall—who was moved out by marshals on November 13, 1979—saw their homes and barns bulldozed and burned.

The snail darter became extinct in its natural habitat in the Little Tennessee when the river became a reservoir. All the individual darters that could be netted (primarily juveniles blocked below the dam structure in their life-cycle migration) were transplanted under Department of Interior supervision, most to the Hiwassee and Holston rivers, where they appear to have prospered, although both rivers are themselves somewhat at risk because of upstream



Surviving silos mark a flooded farm.

chemical manufacturing activity and in summertime have low levels of flow and oxygen, so that TVA has to install micro-bubbling oxygenation pipes in the river beds to prevent darter mortality. A small remnant population was discovered in Chickamauga Creek, near Chattanooga. In 1984 the Fish and Wildlife Service upgraded the darter's legal status to "threatened" from "endangered." The fish still lives under the protections of the Endangered Species Act.

When Boeing pulled out of the model city project in 1975, TVA ceased work on the plan, while continuing to tout the jobs it would allegedly create. In 1980, the TVA transferred major sectors of project land to a Tennessee land development agency with ties to local politicians. After two embarrassing years without any activity, in 1982 TVA proposed to use large portions of the valley for regional toxic waste disposal. The corporation quickly abandoned the plan in response to public outcry. In 1984 major portions of the project area were transferred directly to real estate developers, including Cooper Communities, a second-home development firm. Now much of the shore around the reservoir is lined with expensive vacation and retirement homes. A dozen businesses, including three boat builders, have located in an industrial park, at a site where the citizens' alternative plans had also called for industrial use.

Warmed by impoundment, the waters of Tellico Reservoir have been choked by widespread algae growth and invasive Eurasian water milfoil and hydrilla. The reservoir's bottom sediments have accumulated toxic pollutants from upstream hydroelectric generators. Barge freight traffic is nonexistent. Flood control benefits and electric power gen-

eration have been minimal. Belatedly acknowledging that the Tellico Dam could not survive a maximum probable flood, as citizens had previously argued to no effect, in 2011 TVA installed extensive sand works to keep the insufficiently designed dam and levees from failing under the strain of high water.

Despite the fears of some environmentalists during the snail darter battles that the Endangered Species Act would suffer from a political backlash, the law doesn't appear to have been weakened by the case. Paradoxically, it may have been made more credible as a result of the extreme test put to it by the snail darter case and the injunction upheld by the Supreme Court. Developers continue to take the law and its strin-

gent requirements seriously.

Last spring, the Obama administration announced that it would conduct a strategic review of TVA with an eye to selling the corporation as part of a plan to trim the national debt. "Reducing or eliminating the federal government's role in programs such as TVA, which have achieved their original objectives and no longer require federal participation, can help put the nation on a sustainable fiscal path," according to the administration's 2014 budget proposal.

David Etnier, who discovered the snail darter, is now an emeritus professor of ecology and evolutionary biology at the University of Tennessee. His book, *The Fishes of Tennessee*, coauthored with Wayne Starnes, was published in 1993.

Hank Hill practices law in Chattanooga. Specializing in criminal defense, he "handles all charges ranging from DUIs to capital murder," according to his website. In the early 1980s he sued to block demolition of an old railroad bridge in Chattanooga so that it could become what it is today, a flower-bedecked pedestrian bridge.

Silos still jut up here and there from the shallow waters of the Tellico Reservoir. ■

Zygmunt J. B. Plater is a professor at Boston College Law School, where he teaches courses on property and environmental law. He is the author of *The Snail Darter and the Dam: How Pork-Barrel Politics Endangered a Little Fish and Killed a River* (2013), from which this article is drawn and adapted by permission of Yale University Press (copyright © 2013 by Zygmunt J. B. Plater). For a timeline of the Tellico Dam controversy, photographs of the Little Tennessee and its defenders, and texts of original documents from the courts, Congress, and federal agencies go to www.bc.edu/snaildarter.

ODDITIES AND ENDINGS

**TO CLOSE OUT THE SESQUICENTENNIAL,
A MISCELLANY OF BOSTON COLLEGE TALES
THAT YOU'VE LIKELY NEVER HEARD BEFORE,
REALLY DON'T NEED TO KNOW,
BUT WILL PROBABLY NOT SOON FORGET**



1. THE GREAT PRETENDER

The history of any university includes sorry tales of individuals who for various reasons claimed degrees they'd never earned, frequently enough from a campus on which they'd never laid eyes. But no more unlikely—and poignant—claim to a Boston College degree was ever made than that proffered in 1894 by one John L. Sullivan, the last world champion of bare-knuckle boxing and the first heavyweight champion of gloved boxing. Born in 1858 less than a block from where Boston College would open in 1863, Sullivan, who spent one year in a vocational high school before dropping out, certainly passed the College when he was a teenager fighting for cash in bars and exhibitions (and being arrested several times for doing so when the law prohibited it). As the Boston Strong Boy, he would build a lucrative career (he is said to be the first American athlete to earn a million dollars), with some 450 wins to his credit, including 38 professional victories (32 by knockout) and one loss, to Jim Corbett, in Sullivan's last (and ill-advised) match, when he was knocked out in the 21st (yes) round. By 1894, he was on his way to impoverishment and an early death by whiskey when he published (with the aid of ghost writer) *Reminiscences of a 19th Century Gladiator*, in which he claimed to have spent “about 16 months at Boston College” while considering a priestly vocation (the number of months was a moving target in Sullivan's accounts, ranging as low as two). During an interview in conjunction with the book's publication, he told the *Boston Globe*, “I have as good an



LEFT: An 1882 Currier & Ives lithograph identifies Sullivan as “Champion pugilist of the world. . . . Height, 5 ft. 10 1/2 ins. Weight, 196 lbs.” ABOVE: Twenty-two years later, Sullivan, age 46, was photographed in Chicago.

education as a great many men on the stage. I studied for 22 months to be a priest. . . . I attended Holy Cross College, Boston College, and other institutions of learning and came to know something about Greek, Latin, and algebra.” One of his biographers recorded that, following one fight, he told the assembled press, “Maybe some of you ginks thinks that I can do nothing but fight, but let me put you wise that I'm admitted to be one of the prize products of the Boston College School of Oratory.” No one from Boston College responded to Sullivan's claim, an act of mercy, surely. And it was reprinted in the many hagiographies (sample title: *John the Great*) that were published after his death at 59 in 1918. In 1988, however, Michael T. Eisenberg reported in *John L. Sullivan and His America* that he had read the names of every student who registered at Boston College between 1864 and 1914, “and that of John L. Sullivan is not among them.” In 1956, in response to a *Globe* query, University registrar Francis Campbell, in another act of mercy, said Sullivan “may have spent some time working out in the old [Boston College] gymnasium.”

—Ben Birnbaum



Student residences in 1970 included (clockwise from far left): A roadside establishment in Dedham, seven miles south of Chestnut Hill; the first, ill-fated Mod; and a tent on Upper Campus.

2. Housing shortfall

In the fall of 1970, the student body outnumbered available beds by a couple of hundred (precise figures are not available), Boston College having admitted more freshmen than in the previous year as part of an effort to cut a deficit. Attempts by the University to buy or build new housing had been rejected by Boston, and arriving students were settled in neighborhood apartment buildings, the decommissioned Jesuit theology school building in Weston, study rooms, lounges, and chapels, and local hotels (some not quite local, as exemplified by the Motel 128 and Charter House Motel in Dedham). One enterprising duo bivouacked in a pup tent behind Shaw House. As a stopgap measure (taken “in desperation,” according to an article in *Newsweek* that must have pleased no one in the University’s administration), Boston College secured permission from Boston to install

43 two-story modular homes on Lower Campus, in an area that had 21 years earlier been part of the upper reservoir. The structures arrived from Connecticut in halves on flat-bed trucks, and a crane awaited to hoist them into place. As administrators, students, and manufacturer’s representatives looked on, the first unit broke from its cabling, fell the last few feet to the ground, and became a pile of splintered refuse. The *Heights* published photos of the proceedings with the caption “How to set up a modular dorm in three easy steps”:

“Step 1. Have your Executive Vice President and the unit’s builder shake hands while . . . the unit is lowered into place. Step 2. Drop it. Step 3. Have your Executive Vice President and the unit’s builder survey the damage.”
—Thomas Cooper

3. THE SPIRIT IS WILLING

As reported by the *Globe* in November 1885, Boston College's first cheer, adopted "by common consent," was "Bos-t-o-n — 'Rah!' — 'Rah!' — 'Rah!'— Boston College — 'st! — Boom! — 'Rah!' — — —!" Fortunately, another eight years would pass before the Jesuits allowed students to raise an intercollegiate football team and thereby put the cheer to the ultimate test. It wouldn't have been much of a test to begin with, as the inaugural team—while pleased to feature a 216-pound center by the name of McKenna and a soon-to-be dropout who'd go on to the title of "World's Fastest Man"—lost to a team of MIT freshmen in its first contest. Over the years, the annual game against the College of the Holy Cross—the University's Jesuit, Catholic, regional rival—became the signal contest. In

advance of the 1947 Holy Cross game, Boston College students John Duff '49, Mike Hirrel '49, P'73, and Dick Riley '49, JD'52, P'85, determined to blanket the Holy Cross campus with 5,000 flyers dropped from a small airplane. Flying out of Boston on the 40-mile journey, they loosed their load and returned home, only to learn that they'd dumped an illustration of an eagle clawing a crusader onto the presumably puzzled heads of the students, faculty, and staff of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, located two and a half miles from College Hill. Also hit were citizens "in the vicinity of the First Baptist Church, State Armory, and North High School," according to a *Globe* report. Duff, the crew's bombardier, told the paper, "our bomb site proved a failure."

—Thomas Cooper



A *Globe* illustration from 1947 and a 1939 topographic map of the City of Worcester confirm the assessment of student John Duff '49: The mission went off target.



The University's atom-smasher in 1961—and, at right, physics department chair William Guindon, SJ.

4. Ever To (not quite) Excel: FACULTY EDITION

- In 1961, the University received an \$80,000 grant from the Atomic Energy Commission for the installation of an “atom-smasher” in Devlin Hall. Physics chair William Guindon, SJ, assured the *Heights*, “It’s not going to involve anything which will be transformed into a bomb or gadget, but you never know what you’re going to come up with when you start one of these projects.”
- In 1964, comparative literature professor Vincent McCrossen informed a student gathering that the communist conquest of the United States was “92 percent fulfilled.” After taking a moment to tag liberals as “paracommunists,” he resumed his earlier tone of precision, forecasting that the country would fall to communism by January 15, 1966.
- Also in 1964, Mary Kinnane, dean of women in the School of Education, explained to the *Heights* why a married woman’s place was in the home, not in the classroom: “A woman,” she noted with unassailable accuracy, “cannot be a full-time undergraduate student, a full-time wife, and a full-time homemaker.”

—Thomas Cooper



THEATER / ARTS

Agrees to fund-raising concert next spring

McCartney to sing for B.C.

By Eric Steinbock, Globe Staff

Add Paul McCartney of the world-famous Beatles as a member of Boston College's alumni chorus. The surprising member of the currently inactive rock quartet announced the week that he would donate his services in behalf of the proposed fine arts center for the Chestnut Hill university.

The news was disclosed before a packed house at a Boston College rock show on Wednesday night by WEEI's disc jockey John H. Goodhue. The announcement triggered a predictable happy reaction from the 1,000 young people who had come to hear Led Zeppelin. Co-chair of the B.C. Eagle Rock Festival last month, a license refused by Mayor Kevin White blocked the event at the last minute.

Under a promise by Boston College to dedicate the music center in honor of the artist, leading to more construction funds, McCartney's participation means that the entertainment donor will be second after Ben. McCartney, who has been doing a "single" since the Beatles broke up several months ago, plans a quarterly tour of the United States next year. He has a personal tour in the summer to help sell Boston College. His income, reduced by taxes, would be used to fund the music center, which is expected to be completed by the summer of 1975.

The Eagle Rock Festival was an eleven-hour musical event when Mayor White, choosing inactivity, refused to issue a permit to the promoter. Students whose issues related to the B.C. campus had complained that a festival would cause traffic jams and lead to property damage.

Goodhue said Thursday that he, producer Steve Chappel and a representative from the mayor's office may try to brook while the next few weeks to confer with McCartney.



FOR POSTERITY — In return for Paul McCartney's help in raising funds at a Boston College concert next spring, B.C. will name some center after him.

Theater
season
preview

The new theater season is previewed in the Theater section of the Boston Globe. The preview also includes reports on the New York City, which ended in the Boston theater, as well as what is going on in the area's "Little Theater."

TOP: "Hippies" gathered on the lawn outside Alumni Stadium despite cancellation of the 1970 Eagle Rock Festival. LEFT AND RIGHT: Documentary evidence of the concerts that weren't.



5. The show doesn't go on—twice

In the summer of 1970, with the University on the edge of bankruptcy and following a year of campus protests that culminated in student strikes that effectively shut down the spring semester in early April, two quixotic and credulous fundraising campaigns were launched, their aim to finance a theater building. The first effort, promoted by local rock impresario Robert "Skip" Chernov and supported by the University administration, pinned hopes on a "Boston College Eagle Rock Festival," scheduled for August 14 in Alumni Stadium and featuring 13 hours of Led Zeppelin, the Allman Brothers, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Buddy Guy & Junior Wells, Mitch Ryder, and others. Neighbors, however, fearing "possible incidents, drug abuse, rioting, and hippies sleeping on the lawn," according to the *Globe*, complained to Boston's mayor Kevin White, who pulled the concert permit. (The *Boston Phoenix* reported that, according to Chernov, "Boston



College had already made plans to open its dormitories to anyone with no place to stay in Friday night.") With time running out, University President Seavey Joyce, SJ, asked Harvard administrators for the use of their stadium as a venue. Harvard declined, having incurred the wrath of its neighbors due to concert mishaps earlier in the summer. Eagle Rock organizers refunded some 10,000 tickets, and a few hippies who didn't get the word—or comprehend it or care about it—did indeed show up and disported themselves on campus lawns. (The *Harvard Crimson* reported that Mayor White's executive assistant and future Massachusetts congressman Barney Frank said "The city will offer B.C. a chance to recoup its losses with free use of the John B. Hynes Auditorium for a rock event later in the year... when things have cooled down.") At around the same time, the genial *Globe* music critic Ernest Santosuosso '43 was interviewing Paul McCartney and asked the former Beatle if he'd perform a benefit concert that would support a University theater. McCartney tentatively agreed, and so plans were laid for "some sort of bubble structure, being either permanent or semi-permanent" that would be named for the musician, according to the *Heights*. Joe Maher '71, JD '75, chairman of the University's social committee, which was sponsoring the event, and Skip Chernov, who had a hand in this event as well, travelled to London to pin down the details with McCartney's manager, but again the idea foundered due to unresolved security concerns. One skeptical city official who opposed the concert told the *Globe* that the University should decide if it is "going to continue as a tax-exempt educational institution or become a rock arena where spectators try to throw police to the lions." Boston College would not have a theater building until Robsham opened in 1981.

—Thomas Cooper

6. NOM DE PLUME

In addition to being the 13th president of Boston College, Thomas I. Gasson, SJ, taught economics, law, philosophy, and ethics and worked in the Indian missions. In 1906 Gasson spent a week in Pleasant Point, Maine, ministering to and evangelizing members of the Passamaquoddy tribe, who honored him as an “adopted son,” according to an account in the *Globe*. Gasson also began an association with the Sioux of South Dakota, when in 1909 the University rented its Massachusetts Avenue athletic grounds—students referred to the large field as “the Dump”—to the “Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Real Wild West” show. This spectacle, again in the words of the *Globe*, reproduced the “sports, perils, adventures, romances, pastimes, and routine duties of the prairie.” And while the Miller Brothers never earned the fame or profits that went to Buffalo Bill’s Wild West and other first-tier extravaganzas, its visit provided revenue for the struggling University, which was trying to build on the Chestnut Hill Campus purchased two years

earlier. The Indians in the show were Sioux, a tribe whose long and generally warm association with Jesuits traced back to the late 17th century and meetings with missionaries who had come south from “New France.” When Gasson met in front of their teepees with the 80 Indians taking part in the show, they presented him with a beaded vest, and bestowed on him—noted the *Globe*—“what is considered a very high name, that of ‘High Bird’” or “Zin Tka la Wanketuya.” Gasson became reacquainted with some of these Sioux in 1913, at a Catholic Missionary Congress held at Boston College Hall in the South End. When his presidency ended in 1914, he worked for a summer on the Sioux mission in South Dakota before being recalled to Georgetown for a teaching position.

—Thomas Cooper

During a 1913 Catholic Missionary Congress held at Boston College’s campus in the South End, Gasson (second from right)—or Zin Tka la Wanketuya, as the Sioux named him—posed with tribe members from South Dakota.





MAIN IMAGE: Margo, during a home football game against the University of Detroit. INSET: The 1920 *Boston Herald* cartoon that prompted the search for a mascot.

7. BIRD WATCH

Boston College lacked a mascot until 1920, when, stung by a cartoon in the May 9 issue of the *Boston Herald* that showed an alley cat sporting a “B.C.” flag on its tail, a writer to the *Heights* suggested the eagle, “symbolic of majesty, power, and freedom.” “Proud would the B.C. man feel to see the B.C. Eagle snatching the trophy of victory from old opponents,” the correspondent wrote, “their tattered banners clutched in his talons, as he flies aloft.” The following fall, eagles—sometimes bald, sometimes golden—began to appear on football programs. The first live mascot arrived three years later, when a ship’s crew off Cape Cod sent a rescued bird to the Heights. And though the raptor turned out to be an osprey, it was welcomed and nursed back to health and placed in an aerie atop Gasson Hall. The bird repaid this kindness by taking flight early one morning in October 1923, never to return. In 1924, the College received a true bald eagle—the gift of a Jesuit in New Mexico—and students named him “Herpy” after Newbro’s Herpicide, a popular patent medicine for preventing baldness. Herpy too, however, yearned for open skies; he broke his beak

sawing at the bars of his cage, and was handily removed to the Franklin Park Zoo. He was replaced by a taxidermied eagle, his wings tightly by his side, who generated little excitement. In 1960, a live eagle returned. This was the golden eagle “Margo” (a mashup of “maroon” and “gold”). For much of the fall of 1961, Margo lived in a sophomore student’s garage in West Roxbury, from which she was once kidnapped by Boston University students prior to a BC-BU game. During a 1964 game against the University of Detroit, Margo was photographed facing off against a dog. With wings spread and beak wide, the eagle seems ready for the confrontation, while her keeper, in his “Eagle Trainer” jacket, seems unsure of his next move. (The story is told that the apparently irascible “Margo”—a succession of eagles bore the name—once set upon the Navy goat during a game against the academy.) Margos came to an end not long after the dog incident, when Humane Society representatives learned that the University’s eagle was, on her Saturday visits to Chestnut Hill, in the habit of washing down rodents with beer supplied by her many admirers. —Ben Birnbaum



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: A page in the 1920 *Sub Turri* chronicles the funeral held for John Barleycorn on Alumni Field; Mulcahy (top) and McTague on their way to the record books.

8. Ever To (not quite) Excel: STUDENT EDITION

- The onset of Prohibition in 1919 led juniors to stage a mock funeral for John Barleycorn as part of a comic skit competition during Class Day exercises. Vying against members of the senior class for a \$50 dollar prize ("in gold," the *Globe* noted), the juniors paraded on Alumni Field bearing a fake coffin and trailing behind a water wagon pulled by two horses. The seniors mounted "a weird pageant of Bolshevism," (maddeningly, no further description is available) but the prize went to the juniors. Afterward, senior Henry J. Fitzpatrick of East Boston "presented the class prophecy" (again sadly, the details went unreported).

- On March 29, 1939, Donald V. Mulcahy '40 set an Intercollegiate Association of Walking Goldfish Bowls record by swallowing 30 of the miniature carp, washing them down with five pints of milk. Three hundred students cheered Mulcahy, as, dressed in coat, tie, and fedora, he accomplished this feat beside the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, competitive goldfish swallowing having been banned on the

campus. His record was eclipsed the next day by a student at MIT, who downed 42 creatures. The goldfish swallowing "fad," inaugurated at Harvard in early March, was effectively over by the end of April.

- Bill McTague '68, a DJ for the University radio station WVBC, set a national collegiate record on February 24–27, 1966, when he broadcast uninterrupted for 70 hours. McTague, whose on-air name was "Jerry Reynolds," took the microphone at 2 P.M. on Thursday and finished at noon on Sunday. He played 1,229 songs (of mixed genres), spoke every 15 minutes to assure listeners that he was awake, smoked 120 cigarettes, and consumed 25 cups of coffee, 16 sodas, and unnumbered candies, lozenges, hamburgers, and tuna fish sandwiches. According to the February 28 account in the *Globe*, "He shaved every morning." McTague's marathon topped the 69-hour mark set by a University of Notre Dame student the previous weekend. McTague went on to a career in radio broadcasting.

—Thomas Cooper

9. The Baron

A native of Austria who was said to have been educated in Vienna, Munich, and Rome, Baron Hermann von Walde-Waldegg arrived in the United States in 1934, where he worked at Manhattanville College (he was credited there with inventing a more efficient way of teaching German) before being hired, in May 1936, as chairman of Boston College's German department. An anthropologist who worked in South America, the Baron, the *Heights* reported, was developing "a three-volume comparative history and anthropology of America before the Conquest," "preparing an etymological Sanscrit-English, English-Sanscrit dictionary," and "speaks 18 languages." By the time the 35-year-old "quiet little scholar-explorer" (the *Heights* again) arrived in November, fresh from the discovery of "a buried civilization," he had apparently persuaded the Jesuits to allow him to branch out, and by January 1937 von Walde-Waldegg, his wife, and son were ensconced on the third floor of a capacious home on College Road that the Baron had turned into the Boston College Museum of Anthropology. Five hundred guests attended the January 2 opening, including a *Globe* reporter who noted "spacious rooms, marble fireplaces, and beautifully carved woodwork," and a *Heights* man who was captivated by "many strange sights" including "numerous stones, beads . . . a few war clubs, and . . . two large imposing idols." Four months later, von Walde-Waldegg undertook another South American expedition

(financed by "the Department of Anthropology") with a promise to return to his German classes in September. He didn't. "Some unforeseen obstacles," the *Heights* murmured mysteriously on October 15. The Jesuits cut their losses in November, wiring \$625 to von Walde-Waldegg, with the message: "travel cheaply—no hurry—have obtained German professor." Soon after, they sent another cable, announcing that the trustees—a small group of Jesuits—had terminated the Baron's employment. (A subsequent lawsuit by von Walde-Waldegg seeking back pay found for the University.) In 1940—a year in which the Baron appears in the *Directory of Anthropologists* with "no address" alongside his name—he published "Stone Idols of the Andes Reveal a Vanished People," in the May *National Geographic*. And then he disappears forever, perhaps into Anschluss Austria and the maelstrom of war. The museum was converted into student housing by 1948 and was later razed to make way for Roncalli Hall. As for the museum's exotic furnishings and the materials von Walde-Waldegg brought back from his 1937 expedition—including, the *Heights* had reported, "several thousand feet of film depicting the Indian tribes in different aspects of their tribal life, activities, and ceremonies"—they disappeared (along with the department of anthropology) as cleanly as did their curator and discoverer, and no record of their sale or other disposal can be found.

—Ben Birnbaum



ABOVE: Von Walde-Waldegg during an expedition to San Agustín, Colombia. RIGHT: The short-lived museum on College Road.



FAST-BREAK

AT AGE 19, ALEX CARPENTER HAS RISEN
TO THE ELITE RANKS OF WOMEN'S HOCKEY

BY DAVE DENISON

SOMETHING HAPPENED ON THE ICE

in the Kelley Rink at Conte Forum last March that was so ordinary-yet-extraordinary it's worth reeling back the tape and reliving the moment. It was a Saturday afternoon and the Boston College women's hockey team, ranked fourth in the nation, was fighting fifth-ranked Harvard for a chance to go to the NCAA semifinals, the Frozen Four. Harvard struck first with a power-play goal late in the first period. The Eagles tied it up a minute later and took a 2-1 lead in the second. Now, with 4:56 left in the second period, Boston College's Blake Bolden '13 fires the puck from the right side, almost at mid-ice. It's heading left of the goal—except halfway there it meets the stick of Boston College's sophomore forward Alex Carpenter who, without seeming to move a

muscle, re-routes it into the left corner of the net. The goaltender probably never saw it go by.

Did that just happen? Since it was Alex Carpenter's stick that guided the puck into the net, you could say it was no big deal. It was her 32nd goal of the season—she led her team in goals and assists, with 70 points when all was said and done. Still, you have to marvel at the skill required to make a shot like that—precisely correcting the geometry of a tiny object traveling at a high speed, without looking at your target, which is more than 20 feet away. I was sitting in the stands at the time; I wished I could have seen it again, in slow-motion. But hockey in real time speeds frantically forward. Soon the Eagles were skating off with a 3-1 victory, earning the chance to face Minnesota in the Frozen Four.



Carpenter controls the puck during the March 16, 2013, game against Harvard.

(Minnesota, winner of 47 straight games, would barely squeak by Boston College on March 22, with a 3–2 overtime victory; the Gophers went on to defeat Boston University for the NCAA championship.)

In the press conference after the victory over Harvard, head coach Katie King Crowley, goaltender Corinne Boyles '13, MBA'16, and Blake Bolden took questions. Bolden was asked about Carpenter's tip-in goal. Was she shooting or passing? She said she saw Carpenter open and wanted to get it to her. Said Crowley: "You know Carp is going to put some of those in, those beautiful goals—that's what she does."

At that point, all I knew about Alex Carpenter was that she was a phenom. She was the Hockey East conference's Rookie of the Year in her first season and Player of the Year

in her second. Soon she would be traveling to the Olympic Training Center at Lake Placid, New York, to try out for Team USA, which assembles the best hockey players in the nation to compete for the International Ice Hockey Federation world championship and train for the Olympics. If all went well, Carpenter would have a chance to play hockey in Sochi, Russia, in the Winter Olympics in early 2014.

How does a girl grow up to be a phenom in ice hockey? Reading up on Alex, you find the simple answer: She is the daughter of former NHL player Bobby Carpenter, who had 18 years as a pro, including with the Boston Bruins team that reached the Stanley Cup finals in 1990. She started skating when she was two and started playing hockey at six.

But that's not the whole story. Women's college hockey

is suddenly full of dazzling players like Alex. Boston College's freshman standout Haley Skarupa (who was, along with Carpenter, in the top 10 in the nation in points scored for much of the year) would also be going to Lake Placid for the Team USA tryouts. They would join former Eagles Kelli Stack '11 and Molly Schaus '11, both of the 2010 Olympic silver-medal team in Vancouver, along with stars like Minnesota's Amanda Kessel, who led the NCAA with 101 points in the Gophers' 2012–13 undefeated season. There would be 30 players competing for 25 positions under the gaze of Harvard's coach Katey Stone, who the previous summer had been named to lead the national and Olympic teams.

For many of these athletes, I assumed, playing in the Olympics was their highest aspiration. Yet, with the development of the Canadian Women's Hockey League (CWHL), more women now have the chance to continue to compete after college. The league, which started its seventh season on November 2, is no NHL—there are only five teams and 125 players, all of whom are unpaid. But it's an option for those who aren't ready to retire at age 22 or 23. Eight members of the CWHL's Boston Blades, for example, would be at Lake Placid—including Stack and Schaus.

All of which leads to another question for an athlete like Alex Carpenter: How far can one go in women's hockey?

IT'S ALMOST APRIL IN LAKE PLACID—almost mud season, as the locals say—but Mirror Lake is still frozen and you can see dogsleds making loops around the ice. A soft snow is falling intermittently. The Olympic rings are displayed everywhere in the village. As you walk through the gigantic Olympic skating complex in the heart of town, the old wing built for the 1932 Olympics, the new wing for 1980, you see young hockey players coming and going, lugging equipment bags almost as big as they are. There's a Can-Am boys' tourney going on. Monitors in the hallways show a video documentary of the 1980 "Miracle on Ice," in which the U.S. men's team prevailed over the U.S.S.R.

Team USA's women's trials are in a practice rink just a short way from the showcase arena where that famous game



Team USA's regimen includes early morning workouts at a local gym six days a week.

was played. This rink is like a large warehouse space, with a stand of aluminum bleachers at one end and another stand looking out over mid-rink, where cameras are set up and an assistant coach records the action. It's 10:00 A.M., and the players are in blue-and-white Team USA jerseys, warming up with intricately choreographed skating drills, moving in circles and figure eights. Coach Stone, a former University of New Hampshire player, is skating along at the perimeter. The women move on to power-play drills, five-on-three and four-on-two.

The previous evening, they had scrimmaged against a team of local men. The men undoubtedly considered themselves to be decent hockey players—and they had the size advantage—but the Team USA women skated circles around them, and the scrimmage ended with the score at 17–0.

After the morning workout, I caught up with Alex and Haley at the Olympic Training Center where the athletes eat and board, a short drive from the village center. We sat down in a small meeting room near the lobby to talk about their week. They'd arrived here only days after their grueling battle in the Frozen Four in Minneapolis.

Carpenter and Skarupa were born in 1994—at which time, we noted, women's hockey wasn't yet an Olympic sport. It wasn't yet even much of a varsity sport; Boston College contributed its first women's ice hockey team to the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference in 1994–95. In the course of the young women's 19 years, the sport has taken off, with women competing in ice hockey in the 1998, 2002,

2006, and 2010 Olympics. As for Boston College, 20 of its team members have gone on to Team USA, including the two Vancouver Olympic medalists. Carpenter and Skarupa have been playing hockey most of their lives with the dream of making it to the Olympics.

This was not their first trip to the Olympic center in Lake Placid, they told me. USA Hockey, the governing body of the sport at the amateur level, has an active program for high school girls called the "U18" program (for players under 18). Carpenter and Skarupa were here a couple of years ago for a U18 tournament against Canada. That's where they met Coach Crowley, who was coaching in the program then. They remember being the youngest members of the team.

"You kind of bonded over that?" I asked.

They looked at each other and started laughing.

"That's where it all started," Haley said, with mock gravity. "Way back then," Alex added.

Their momentary amusement at having their life and times chronicled at age 19 was the only glimpse I got of their lighter side. For the most part, they seemed serious, down-to-business, with that air many athletes have in interviews of "why are we talking about this?" when they'd rather be playing their sport, or working out, or resting.

I asked what it was like skating with former Olympians and women playing for pro teams. "We're all kind of learning from each other," Alex said. "There's never a point where you stop learning from each other." I asked whether she gets advice from her father. "Yeah, definitely," she said. "I call him every night here and just talk to him, just recap. He's obviously been through a lot of this stuff, so he can help bring me back down to earth if something is going wrong, or can give me a little boost."

In the scrimmage that Friday evening, Team USA squared

CARPENTER WAS THE HOCKEY EAST CONFERENCE'S ROOKIE OF THE YEAR IN HER FIRST SEASON AS AN EAGLE AND PLAYER OF THE YEAR IN HER SECOND. SOON SHE WOULD BE TRYING OUT FOR TEAM USA AT THE OLYMPIC TRAINING CENTER AT LAKE PLACID.

off against a team made up of 16-to-18-year-old boys from high school teams in the area. Younger, quicker, and scrappier than the team last night, the boys succeeded in breaking up the women's plays a little better, but they couldn't sustain any offensive control or get many shots on goal. The women consistently took the puck back and started passing it around. By the end of the second period it was 6-0. Both Haley and Alex were skating and shooting like dervishes and the game ended shortly after a Carpenter goal made it 9-1. Haley had one goal and two assists; Alex had a goal and three assists. Between periods a group of reporters gathered around the boys' goaltender and asked what it was like for him to face the USA team. "It's ridiculous," he said, explaining that the action seemed way faster than what he is used to.

The gaggle of reporters moved on to talk to Reagan Carey, the director of the women's division at USA Hockey. Carey spoke about the way the U18 program has changed the face of college hockey just in the last 10 years. The speed of the game has intensified and the women's skills are developing rapidly. "The common acknowledgment is that they're just so much better, and the game continues to grow," she said.

Katey Stone told us the announcement would come midday Saturday about who made the cut. She would rely mostly on what she was seeing from the coaching box, with some review of video. "We don't make any hasty decisions and we are looking long-term," she said.

When the national team roster was announced on Saturday, it included Alex Carpenter but not Haley Skarupa. That means Haley will play her sophomore year with the Eagles—but Carpenter will be taking her junior year off from college, focusing all her efforts on workouts this fall with the national team and then, assuming she makes the final cut in December, preparing for the Olympics, which take place in February.

IN AUGUST, I SAT DOWN WITH ALEX Carpenter at a coffee shop in Woburn, Massachusetts, near the gym where she was working out during the summer. She was still four weeks away from the beginning of intensive drills at a rink in



Carpenter at age 12 with her father, in Morristown, New Jersey.

nearby Bedford, and was trying to stay off the ice for a while and focus on conditioning in the gym. I wanted to know more about her upbringing and her ambitions.

It turns out she had a double advantage: Not only was her father a hockey player, her mother had been an accomplished figure skater before raising three children. Both parents "grew up on skates, so I did, too," she said. The family moved several times in Alex's childhood, as her father pursued his NHL career. Alex went to Montessori schools and started playing hockey on club teams in New Jersey—often surrounded mostly by boys.

I asked her when she began to feel she had a gift for hockey. She recalled playing in a tournament in Philadelphia at age nine or 10. "Our team would get killed every game, like 15–nothing. One of the games we lost like 18 to 3, but I had the three goals. I think that, for me, was when I realized I could do something with hockey."

I wondered if she could generalize about what kind of girls take up ice hockey. "I think we all have something in common," she said. "I think it's something you're born with, actually. I think it's something inside you that really draws you to the sport."

Does it bug you that men have the option of making a career in hockey—sometimes for big bucks—and women still don't?

"Not really. That [NHL] game's been developed so many years and women's hockey is so new. It'll eventually get to that point, I believe."

I had read a quote in a newspaper profile in which her father said it was "kind of sad" to see women "keep hanging on" to hockey after college.

"I agree with him," she said. "I'm not going to play until I'm 30-something years old. Hockey has given me great benefits in life. And I'm grateful for that. But there are other people who need an opportunity to play in my position. I don't want to hold it all to myself. You get four years of college and a new group comes in. Hopefully this year works out and maybe one or two more and then that's it. I'm going to move on from hockey."

As to what, she said it was too soon to know. She's majoring in psychology, yet, she mused, playing in the pro league after college isn't out of the question. If she were to want to play in the 2018 Olympics (she'd still be only 24) she'd have a couple of post-college years to stay sharp. "It all depends on what happens; you've got to take it day by day."

As enthusiastic as Alex is about hockey, she shows little enthusiasm for talking about herself. It's clear enough that she's naturally reticent, but after talking with a few of those who know her well I realized there was something else: She doesn't like the "star treatment."

Babe Ceglarski, her coach at The Governor's Academy, in Byfield, Massachusetts, where Alex played on the high

school girls hockey team, said Alex is "very humble in her accomplishments." (Ceglarski is the son of Boston College's legendary coach Len Ceglarski '51, who guided the men's team from 1972 to 1992.) "For some kids, it's all about them. For her, it's all about the team," he said. "She doesn't seek the limelight—it seeks her."

Her mother, Julie, said Alex is "a very private person" who has always liked being at home, hanging around with her brothers. Asked about Alex's other interests, she said, "She loves to go fishing, if you can believe that." Yet there's no denying her drive and ambition. Her mother remembers being shown a paper Alex wrote at age 10 on the assigned topic "My Secret Ambition." Alex detailed what it would be like to play hockey in the Olympics with some of the best women players in the world.

Both parents say they have no idea what career Alex will end up pursuing, although her mother said she could see her becoming a hockey coach. Citing her determination and passion, her father said, "Whatever Alex Carpenter tries to do outside of hockey, she'll succeed—I have no doubt."

JUST BEFORE THE START of the school year, months before the final selection of the Olympic team would take place in December, I met with Boston College coach Katie King Crowley (a three-time Olympian with gold, silver, and bronze medals) in her office down a short hall on the second level of Alumni Stadium. The football team was running through drills on the field below; ice hockey practices wouldn't begin for another three weeks. I had asked the coach to review video with me, hoping I could see Alex's game at a slower speed, with stop-action.

Crowley was wearing a maroon jersey and olive-colored capris. When I first saw her last March it was at a press con-



In the backyard at age six with brother Robert, four, in Glenmont, New York.



Carpenter manages the puck for Team USA during the world championship semifinal versus Finland, April 8.

ference after her team had lost 4-1 against Northeastern University. She made a terse statement about how it looked like “the other team” showed up wanting to win, “and I don’t think my team did.”

She seemed severe then, but today she is warm and engaging—almost sunny. She smiles often as we talk about Alex. “Alex is so intense,” she said. “She’s an intense player. Serious, but not serious. Once you get to know her she’s a little more loosey-goosey.”

Crowley said some players feel they learn from watching video of practices and games, while others feel it makes them overthink. Alex would come up to her office just about every week to review video, she said.

Then she connected her laptop to a large flat-screen TV on her wall. She called up the March 16 game against Harvard I had watched from the stands. What is it that makes Alex’s game special? I asked. Is it just that she’s more aggressive? “She’s aggressive,” Crowley said. “The thing that Alex has, I think, is almost innate. She sees things that other people don’t see. And that’s going to be hard to show you.”

As we watched players skating back and forth, keeping an eye on how Carpenter, wearing number 5, moved with and without the puck, Crowley kept up a quiet almost meditative commentary. “A lot of people think Alex isn’t fast. You see Haley skate and you think ‘Oh, that kid can fly.’ And then you see Alex skate and people think she’s not as ‘flowy’ as Haley. But the way she reads the play and the way she reacts to the play is different than most players. She reads things before

they’re going to happen. Which is so unique. See how that kid is pushing her and she’s not falling over, a lot of kids would fall over.”

“There she is protecting the puck. She’s almost faster with the puck than she is without. And see that extra effort? That’s what you’re always going to get from Alex. Here she is, coming around, she makes a move to come through that kid, which is actually unbelievable, she gets a little bit tripped, tries to put it in the middle, she goes into the wall headfirst. She’s the first one up. Skating, hustling back to get that puck. That’s Alex. She’s so strong-willed. And has that intensity and drive to be good.”

And then we come to That Play: the tip-in goal with 4:56 left in the second period.

As coaches say, it’s usually the little things that make the big play.

And as we watched the action unfold, it became apparent that Carpenter made that goal happen in several different ways. I wondered at the time if it was just a lucky tip-in. Now I could see the whole play, and could see how her hockey instincts kicked in. Alex was battling for the puck near center ice with a Harvard defender. It squirted out and Alex was soon contesting near the left of the net. She’s shoulder to shoulder with Harvard’s Sarah Edney. Suddenly Carpenter bursts toward the wall and regains the puck. “She goes and gets the puck, beats them to it,” Crowley narrates. “When you look at it, that kid should have beat her to it. But Alex reacted quicker. She goes and gets it, finds her defenseman again, actually makes a nice play to not give it to that defenseman coming down the wall. Alex reads that and sees Blake [Bolden], one of the best shots in college hockey, wide open. Blake makes a ridiculous play, right back to Alex and she tips it in. That’s just a phenomenal hockey play right there.”

It made me think of John McPhee’s famous profile of Bill Bradley when he was a basketball star for Princeton. When you play the game long enough, Bradley said, “You develop a sense of where you are.” Carpenter has that on the rink. She found Blake wide open and got her the puck, sure. But then in an instant she got herself into an open spot in front of the net, too. She knew just where to be.

We watched it again. Referring to the Harvard players, Crowley said, “And you know they were told, don’t let number 5 stand in front of the net by herself,” she said. She let a little exclamation out as Alex tipped it in: “Ha!” ■

C21 Notes

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Give peace a chance

By William Bole

At the University's retreat center in Dover, young theologians attempt to bridge their differences

IN THE SPRING OF 2009, CATHOLIC leaders and commentators across the United States were skirmishing over the University of Notre Dame's choice of a commencement speaker—President Barack Obama—and whether a Catholic institution should extend such an honor to anyone who favors abortion rights. The president delivered his speech that May amid the ecclesiastical crossfire, and shortly afterward Charles Camosy, who attended the commencement as a graduating doctoral student in theology and had started teaching at Fordham University, walked into the office of Mark Massa, SJ, then a Fordham professor. “What can we do about this polarization in the Church?” he asked.

On August 13 of this year, that question brought Camosy and 18 other up-and-coming Catholic theologians

to Boston College's Connor Family Retreat and Conference Center in Dover, Massachusetts, for two days of discussion aimed at helping to reach beyond the polarities of contemporary Catholic discourse. These theologians—all of them teaching at Catholic colleges and universities—belong to a group called the Catholic Conversation Project, which began at Fordham in 2010 and relocated to Boston College a year later, after Massa, its founding sponsor, became dean of the University's School of Theology and Ministry (STM). The group describes itself in a mission statement as “an initiative led by American Catholic theologians trained in the early 21st century seeking to build dynamic relationships between theologians, other scholars, the magisterium”—or hierarchy—“and the faithful.”

“Early 21st-century” is a key distinc-



Theologians, from left, David Cloutier (of Mount St. Mary's University in Maryland), Vicini, Meghan Clark (of St. John's in New York), Soltis, and Massa.

tion: Only younger and newer theologians are invited to join the group and take part in both days of the annual summer conversations. A little more than 40 have attended at least one of these colloquies in the past four years. With roughly equal numbers of men and women, they range in age from late 20s to early 40s and did their doctoral training at a variety of institutions but disproportionately at Boston College, Notre Dame, Duke, and Yale. Nearly all are lay people.

Camosy, who coordinates the project together with Hossfman Ospino, Ph.D.'07, an STM assistant professor of Hispanic ministry and religious education, characterizes the views of most members as "interestingly complicated." Ospino says their goal is not to agree on everything but to "model" their differences in a constructive way. Not branding someone as

"unfaithful" because he or she disagrees with you is a good place to start, they say.

There have been similar efforts at Catholic dialogue *not* involving junior faculty members. Massa argues that the best known among them—the Catholic Common Ground Initiative, begun in 1996 with shepherding by the late Cardinal Joseph Bernardin of Chicago—floundered because it tried to bring together well-established figures already set in their liberal or conservative ways. They found little common ground. In contrast, the notion behind the Catholic Conversation Project was to "get people early in their careers who are still making up their minds about the theological agendas they want to press, who aren't invested" in ideological positions marked out in books and articles they've written, the dean said in an interview.

Veterans of Catholic moral and theological discourse—including bishops—are not left out of the conversation project, however. On the first day of discussions, representatives from their ranks are present as invited speakers. The younger theologians spend Day Two exchanging views among themselves.

In the mid-afternoon of Tuesday, August 13—Day One—participants began arriving at the retreat center, trickling into what is known as "the main parlor," which lives up to its name with dark wood paneling, comfortable reading chairs, and a large fireplace between built-in bookcases (the 111-year-old stone mansion was originally part of a family estate).

Khakis, dungarees, and polo shirts were the prevailing look. There were no nametags. Introductions were unnecessary for the most part because all but one

or two attendees had been to previous dialogues. The young theologians chatted about such matters as tenure and childcare and trying to get by with one salary or one car in a family. They also talked about the schools where they teach, which range geographically from Carroll College in Helena, Montana, and Regis University in Denver, to St. John's University in New York and Providence College in Rhode Island, as well as Boston College. Asked what brought her to the gathering, Julia Brumbaugh, assistant professor of religious studies at Regis (and a 2009 Ph.D.

ried about the alienating trends among Catholics ever since the 1980s, when he wrote his doctoral dissertation at Harvard University about factional struggles that sundered the U.S. Presbyterian Church in the 19th century. "I began to feel that this is a road we are taking in the Catholic Church," he said, noting that the Catholic community has only grown more fractious since then.

At the same time, Massa suggested that Catholics who are usually at cross-purposes might be able to coalesce around some pressing concerns. He cited the

nostrums of political left and right, including the claim that anyone with reservations about same-sex marriage is a "bigot" and the assumption that a tax cut is "the answer to every problem."

After the presentations, there was less of a rush to questions and answers than to dinner, but the interchange continued in the main parlor a little after 8:00 P.M. Participants settled into sofas and reading chairs around the room for what was slated as an "open conversation with panelists" that lasted more than two hours.

Kevin Ahern, who finished his doctoral work in theological ethics at Boston College this year and is teaching at Manhattan College in New York, voiced concern over "the disconnect between academic theologians and parishes." He explained that he and his wife have wrestled with the question of whether to attend their "geographic parish," which is located in their neighborhood, as is customary for Catholics. The alternative is what he termed a "boutique parish" farther away but with more erudite preaching, livelier ministries, and a highly educated congregation. For a while, the discussion seasawed between those who opt for geography (even bad liturgical music "reminds you what you're there for," which is to "worship with a community," a bearded young professor remarked) and others who seek a more robust experience of parish life.

Then the question turned existential as a 20-something woman in blue jeans and flip-flops asked, "Where do we fit in?" She said a pastor "should care that he has a theologian in his parish," indicating that hers doesn't. There was some friendly debate over whether a pastor should treat a theologian differently from any other parishioner.

"You are posing a new problem in the Church, as lay theologians," Fox interjected, noting the preponderance of lay people in Catholic theology today. Referring to pastors and bishops, she told the group, "They don't know what to do with you."

Finally, the conversation arrived at a deeply polarized subject in the Church—the politics of the Eucharist.

One female theologian, tall and slender and sporting a burgundy shawl, acknowledged that she would avoid a parish where

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the group and take part in the annual conversations.
A little more than 40 have attended in the past four years.
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product of Fordham), said she's painfully aware of religious disharmony, coming from an extended Catholic family in Washington State that is "fractured in this way."

The program began in the chapel with a Mass led by Andrea Vicini, SJ, Ph.D.'07, who teaches moral theology and medical ethics at STM; he was the only cleric among the project's 19 members in attendance. After worship, the assembly wended to a meeting room for a panel discussion featuring four guests: John Carr, who spent three decades as social-action chief of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops and who now directs Georgetown University's Initiative on Catholic Social Thought and Public Life; Greg Erlandson, president of Our Sunday Visitor Publishing Company, in Huntington, Indiana; Zeni Fox, Seton Hall University professor of pastoral theology; and Massa, a Church historian.

The U-shaped room was blessed with ample late-afternoon daylight. Project members snapped open cans of soft drinks and took notes assiduously, as though they were seated in an upper-level seminar. Taking turns, the panelists gave their sketches of a Church in dispiriting times.

Leading off, Massa said he has wor-

daunting lack of religious knowledge among young Catholics ("We've already lost a generation," he said) and the need for what he called an "affectively satisfying and intellectually challenging piety." The latter, he said, would involve reintroducing Catholics to traditional practices—such as reciting the Rosary—but in a way that links personal piety to a larger theological and social vision. Calling for a broadly inclusive dialogue about these and other questions, Massa added: "The Catholic tradition is so deep that no one person or group can encompass the tradition."

Erlandson likened polarization in the Church to partisanship in politics. Alluding to the U.S. president and the speaker of the House of Representatives, he said Catholics in the pews are hungering for a "roadmap that will move us past the ecclesiastical version of the Obama-Boehner divide that is as spiritually paralyzing to the Church as the legislative divide is to our country." Fox spoke of tensions on the ground, sometimes involving mergers between two or more unwilling parishes or newly appointed pastors who reassert a top-down, clerical model of ministry. "Frankly, it makes me shudder," she said of the latter circumstance. Carr called on everyone to reject the familiar

some communicants are less welcomed because of their political views. Alluding to bishops who have urged Catholic supporters of abortion rights and gay marriage not to receive communion, she said, "I wonder if I'd be allowed at the Eucharistic table if they knew what was in my head." At that point, one of her peers stood up and said with a smile, "I'm tempted to push back," and she did, obliquely—arguing that there's no cause to feel unwelcome during the Eucharistic celebration because "it's a table that belongs to Jesus," not to anyone else. A young man with a Spanish accent added that bishops have a right to be "prophetic" on the question of who's worthy of communion, but shouldn't be "coercive." Sitting in a wing-back chair before the fireplace and holding a glass of white wine, the woman in the shawl did not disagree but pointed out, "I just live in a world where people put gates around the Eucharist."

The next morning, the guests were gone, and project members went behind closed doors to have their own discussions. The confidentiality is part of

creating what several of them referred to in interviews as a "safe" haven for dialogue—an environment where they can speak without concern that comments could come back to haunt them when they seek tenure and promotions or encounter their local bishop. The day contained talk of producing a book or other publication mirroring the group's dialogues, according to Ospino, who said that the role of lay theologians in the institutional Church continued to loom large in the off-the-record exchanges. The same topic occupied a private session on August 15 with Boston's Cardinal Seán O'Malley, OFM Cap, involving nine members of the Catholic Conversation Project steering committee.

"We're trying to talk together in a way that breaks" with the bellicosity of much Catholic debate, said Kathryn Getek Soltis, who facilitated the discussions with panelists and, with her three-year-old doctorate from Boston College, directs Villanova University's Center for Peace and Justice Education. She added, "And frankly, we're still figuring that out." ■

areas, such as human rights, women's rights, and care for the environment. But here in the United States, to look more narrowly, most Catholics are not, in fact, committed to addressing economic inequality. According to Georgetown University's Center for Applied Research in the Apostolate (CARA), 80 percent claim that helping the poor is important to Catholic identity, yet 60 percent believe that one can be a good Catholic without actually doing so. In his book *Racial Justice and the Catholic Church* (2010), Rev. Bryan Massingale of Marquette University shows how racism is and always has been endemic in the U.S. Catholic Church, despite lip service to the contrary.

Worldwide, civilian deaths in wars and civil conflicts are at an all-time high; and the gap between the richest and the poorest is widening. Therefore, a major 21st century challenge to the Church's public agenda is to be realistic about the intractability of global exploitation and violence, yet socially engaged, committed to solidarity, and hopeful about the future.

A KEY DEVELOPMENT OF THE SECOND Vatican Council has been the twinning of natural law and Gospel as the foundations of the Church's engagement in the public arena. At its most basic, natural law is simply the idea that human beings are similar enough, despite cultural pluralism, to agree about what constitutes basic human needs and goods and what the minimum requirements are for cooperative social life.

At the same time, the Council's 1965 Decree on Priestly Formation calls for moral theology to be "nourished" by Scripture. But to what degree and how does this Gospel identity enter into the public sphere? The combination of natural law and Gospel in the effort—called *aggiornamento*—to "bring the Church into the modern world" has produced a major tension around which identity or source will control in which situation or with what audience. We have seen some conflicted debates about who owns Catholic identity and its social expressions, how to interpret natural law and Scripture, and which provides the normative bottom line on which issue.

For instance, one way in which the

Being of this world

By Lisa Sowle Cahill

The laity's charge following Vatican II

IN GAUDIUM ET SPES (JOY AND Hope)—the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World issued at the conclusion of the Second Vatican Council in 1965—the questions of special urgency all had to do with ethics and politics. Marriage and family were addressed first, followed by the development of culture, socioeconomic life, and political community. Though a Catholic document, *Gaudium et Spes* in fact addressed "the whole human family." The world, and not only the Church, it said, is created in love, fallen to sin, and "emancipated now by Christ."

That approach to the modern world exuded energy, optimism, and engagement, in a vein that was more collegial, more global, more empowering of the laity, and more ready to learn from individuals and groups beyond the Church's borders. It was in some ways very much of the 1960s, hopeful and upbeat about putting our collective shoulders to the wheel to produce widespread social change through engagement in public issues. The question is, was the optimism warranted?

Unfortunately, the evidence of history does not clearly substantiate it. To be sure, there has been change in some



St. Peter's Square, during a 50th anniversary celebration of Vatican II on October 11, 2012.

Gospel has influenced social ethics is by the introduction of the preferential option for the poor. The preferential option means more than justice as equality or equal access, and more than freedom as non-interference. It means a special priority and affirmative action for those who are now most left out. Coming from liberation theology, this phrasing is more explicit in the writings of Paul VI, John Paul II, and Benedict XVI, and certainly looks like it's going to feature prominently in the statements of Francis I. But the preferential option also has precedents in Vatican II. *Gaudium et Spes* reminds us that it is a matter of justice "to come to the relief of the poor."

In turn, new insights into human nature and dignity have affected Catholic teaching based on Scripture and tradition. For example, new understandings of the dignity of the person, human rights, justice, and the common good have influenced what the tradition has long taught as both natural and revealed—that is, the subordination of women to men and the priority of the procreative meaning of sex. The premise of natural gender equality has emerged since the Council, though with difficulty. Now, men and women are at least in theory seen as equal, and sex is also and equally for love. But there are still many questions about whether the Roman Catholic Church has really come

to terms with the full equality of women in family, society, and Church. The so-called complementarity model, the references to the "special genius" of women, and the notion of motherhood as women's most important vocation (which is not posited of fatherhood for men), still provoke critical questions. Moreover, global cultural differences on these issues remain huge.

GIVEN SUCH TENSIONS, THERE ARE at least two different ways of looking at Catholic identity since Vatican II. Several authors—Massimo Faggioli of the University of St. Thomas, Rev. Joseph Komonchak of the Catholic University of America, Rev. Ormond Rush of the Australian Catholic University—have described an "Augustinian" direction and a "neo-Thomist" direction, which apply to interpretations of the Council and to the Church in the public arena, as well.

Keeping their distance from the *aggiornamento* of Vatican II, the Augustinians see the Church as a haven of grace in a sinful world: Catholics should be bringing the experience of a real but transcendent God to an increasingly secular public and emphasizing the distinctive moral and religious practices that set the faithful apart. For Augustinians, the Church is faith-community oriented more than public-engagement oriented. Social service is a work of the Church, especially of

laypeople, but broad social transformation is not the real program.

At the time of the Council and after, key theologians driving this train of thought included Rev. Hans Urs von Balthasar, Cardinal (and future pope) Joseph Ratzinger, and Cardinal Henri de Lubac, SJ. The issue was raised with new force during the pontificate of Benedict XVI through some of his encyclicals, especially his 2005 *Deus Caritas Est* (God is Love) and his 2009 *Caritas in Veritate* (Charity in Truth), which prompted debate about whether he saw justice as truly the mission of the Church and whether his teaching lens was the global Church or the rapidly secularizing churches of Europe.

The progressive neo-Thomists, on the other hand, have been represented by Karl Rahner, SJ, the Dominicans Marie-Dominique Chenu and Cardinal Yves Congar, and John Courtney Murray, SJ. They have stressed the created goodness of the world, history, politics, and the sciences, with the affirmation that grace is already present in our world. Also important to neo-Thomists is historical consciousness, in light of which they believe that our knowledge of truth is constantly in progress, not a finished product that has already been revealed, known, and taught.

Among the neo-Thomists, there is a sense of positive engagement and learning—perhaps most visibly from the natural and social sciences—in areas such as sex and gender, economics, evolution, and the environment. In this perspective, Catholic social teaching is reclaimed and promoted, and the preferential option for the poor is seen as an agenda for political action and structural change.

Today, 50 years after Vatican II, we may be witnessing the emergence of a third vision of the Church, one that appeals to the post-Vatican II generations. This model might be termed neo-Franciscan. It has been around since the pontificate of John Paul II, and is not necessarily to be equated with the outlook of the new Pope Francis. Like St. Francis, it prioritizes small faith community and personal devotion and service. A neo-Franciscan public agenda for the Church would take shape in care for the poor, nonviolence, environmental concern, and dialogue with

other religions to accomplish shared goals. This approach would stress an evangelical identity in the world. It would be strong on Christian "holiness," prayer and ritual, but, consistent with Catholic tradition, it would not represent a sect-type Church, which is to say, one that withdraws from politics and renounces all "worldly" values. Yet neo-Franciscans, in my view, need to—but do not always—incorporate the strong commitment to structural justice found in Catholic social teaching.

WE OFTEN THINK OF VATICAN II AS empowering the laity. The journalist Robert Blair Kaiser, who reported in the 1960s on the history, substance, and politics of the Papal Birth Control

In terms of public engagement by the laity on behalf of the Church, or as explicitly Christian and Catholic, the United States presents perhaps more opportunities than many other societies, including Western Europe. Unlike Western Europe, but like many areas of the global South, the United States is still a relatively religious country. Our public officials frequently invoke the name of God. Religious figures can be media pundits, and the lobbying of religious bodies is actually of note and concern to voters, public officials, and candidates for election. Rick Warren, pastor of the Saddleback Church, hosted a presidential debate in 2008; Peter Steinfeld's religion column has appeared regularly in the *New York Times*. And

behind the public engagement of the current USCCB. Regarding Catholic college campuses, the lay-run Cardinal Newman Society should be mentioned in the same breath for its high-pressure and often successful efforts to police the Catholic "orthodoxy" of classroom content and campus lecturers.

Even more significant than these diverging voices is the fact that lay involvement in the actual life of the Church—beyond the scholars, movement leaders, and culture war elites—is in decline. We may debate whether the laity are empowered, but how many of them even care enough to invest personally in the reforms of Vatican II? According to statistics from CARA, the number of American Catholics is decreasing, women are leaving the Church at a higher rate than men, and only 15 percent of the millennial generation—born between 1979 and 1993—attend Mass regularly. The majority of Catholics say they want a more democratic Church, yet only a minority say they are interested in getting more involved in their parishes.

The legacy of Vatican II is mixed with regard to public engagement on morality and politics, but lay responsibility and lay activism are crucial to realizing the Council's vision of *aggiornamento* and to doing so with a lively yet charitable pluralism of vision. We are all the Church, and only by mediating the Church's social message among the world's cultures in a positive, active way will we, the Church, be able to make a difference in the struggle against human suffering. ■

Today, 50 years after the Second Vatican Council, we may be witnessing the emergence of a third vision of the Church, one that appeals to the post-Vatican II generations. This model might be termed neo-Franciscan.

Commission, has put it this way: "Vatican II had written a charter for a people's Church," representing a "passing of power from old elite institutions to the people."

In reality, the Council's message on the laity was a little mixed and ambivalent about just how far the institutional Church, papacy, and episcopacy wanted to go in recognizing the voice and authority of the non-ordained. In its 1964 Dogmatic Constitution on the Church (*Lumen Gentium*), the Council stated, "In matters of faith and morals, the bishops speak in the name of Christ, and the faithful are to accept their teaching and adhere to it with a religious assent."

But the Decree on the Apostolate of Laity, a year later, is more promising. It says the apostolate of the laity should be "broadened and intensified. With a constantly increasing population, continual progress in science and technology, and closer interpersonal relationships, the areas for the lay apostolate have been immensely widened, particularly in fields that have been, for the most part, open to the laity alone."

America's Catholic universities are sites of public Catholicism, engaging Catholic intellectual traditions with contemporary fields such as economics, history, philosophy, and science; founding centers and institutes for the study of society, ethics, and politics; and sponsoring speakers on topics from the ethics of genetic research to climate change to the plight of immigrants and refugees worldwide.

It bears emphasizing that lay activism can and does go in quite different directions, both neo-Thomist and neo-Augustinian. Yes, we have the Nuns on the Bus rallying support for social justice, and dozens or hundreds of progressive-minded lay theologians. On the other side, we have very powerful conservative lay voices such as Robert George (*Conscience and Its Enemies: Confronting the Dogmas of Liberal Secularism*, 2013), George Weigel (*Evangelical Catholicism: Deep Reform in the 21st Century*, 2013), and Richard Doerflinger, who works for the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops (USCCB) on pro-life activities. These are some of the intellectual and political powerhouses

Lisa Sowle Cahill is the J. Donald Monan, SJ, Professor in the theology department of Boston College and the author most recently of *Global Justice, Christology, and Christian Ethics* (2013). Her essay is drawn and adapted from a September 26 presentation in Gascon 100 on the Second Vatican Council and the public arena, part of a symposium on the Legacy of Vatican II sponsored by the School of Theology and Ministry and the University. The event was among a series of academic symposia held over the past year and a half to mark Boston College's Sesquicentennial.



The entire symposium on the Legacy of Vatican II may be viewed via Full Story at www.bc.edu/bcm.

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A poem

From the McMullen Museum

The French artist Gustave Courbet (1819–77), who painted this portrait, was the 19th century's "chief representative of realism," writes Boston College art professor Jeffery Howe in the catalogue for the McMullen's current show of 49 works. The distinction opened the artist to both ridicule and emulation, and the two responses are tracked in this exhibition: through cartoons (e.g., of the painter eyeballing the sole of a worn boot); and through intimate landscapes and scenes of poverty. Included are works by admirers in America (La Farge, Homer) and Belgium, where portions of this show were displayed at the Royal Museums of Fine Arts. Among Courbet's Belgian disciples was Alfred Stevens, whose portrait, below, the Frenchman produced circa 1861. *Courbet: Mapping Realism* runs through December 8.



CHARACTER STUDY

By Ben Birnbaum

The extraordinary life of John Patrick (Jack) Ryan '72

SAVE THROUGH MENTION IN CLASS NOTES, *BOSTON College Magazine* does not generally report the deaths of alumni. There are, however, some graduates whose ties to the University are so widely known that it would be improper to send them off trailing nothing but a three-line life summation. Such is the case with John Patrick (Jack) Ryan '72, former Marine Corps officer, stockbroker, national security advisor, Naval Academy faculty member, CIA analyst, and president and vice president of the United States—the only alumnus, fictional or not, to be portrayed by Alec Baldwin or Harrison Ford or Ben Affleck, not to mention all three.

Mr. Ryan's presumed passing is connected to the real death of his imager, Tom Clancy, the former Baltimore insurance salesman who died on October 1, at age 66, having published 12 novels featuring Mr. Ryan that sold a combined 100 million copies (so far). Within these books, Mr. Ryan repelled KGB operatives and the Chinese People's Liberation Army, the bad-guy American president Edward Kealty, and the invidious Eastern European operative Paul (né Pavel) Laska, all the while holding not only weapons of wide-ranging power, but a Boston College economics degree (with a minor in history).

Mr. Ryan, who was 62 or 63—the Ryan testament, while voluminous, is unclear on this detail—was said to have been raised in Baltimore, Maryland, and to have been educated by the nuns at the St. Matthew's parish school. He later studied, it's further said, at Loyola Blakefield, in nearby Towson. Mr. Ryan's father was a policeman and his mother a nurse, and, like many a striving son of the mid-20th-century Catholic working class, he selected a Jesuit university education. And while he'd hoped to play football at Boston College (he'd played varsity at Loyola Blakefield) he resigned himself to the fact that he "wasn't big enough for college ball."

As a 1972 graduate of Boston College, Mr. Ryan would have experienced the turmoil of 1970, when students boycotted classes in protest of a tuition increase and then in protest of the invasion of Cambodia by American troops and the shootings at Kent State

University by the Ohio National Guard. He would also have been a student when the ROTC office was despoiled by a small group of students. Whether these events had any influence on his subsequent career and political views is a matter on which his amanuensis chose not to comment.

Though Mr. Ryan would later joke that he went to Boston College because its degree (along with that of the College of the Holy Cross) was the surest ticket to a job as an FBI agent, he began a career as a certified public accountant shortly after graduation. His subsequent rise through the military and intelligence services to the Oval Office is too well-known to repeat here.

Mr. Ryan did not speak often of his alma mater, but never spoke of her except in praise, opining once that his courses in metaphysics had served him well. "The Jesuits," he said to a friend, "make you spend a semester on [metaphysics]." Adding after sipping at a handy cocktail, "Whether you want to or not." Mr. Ryan was similarly disposed regarding his logic

course at Boston College. Once, after a fellow case officer, an Ivy League graduate, had offended him by exercising a "circularity" of logic, Mr. Ryan mused that the logic course at Yale was "probably an elective," as compared with "mandatory" study at Boston College. But if Mr. Ryan seemed relatively reticent about his University experience, he paid the institution the grandest compliment possible by sending his son and namesake to study at Chestnut Hill. (Unfortunately, the details of John Patrick Ryan, Jr.'s career at the University are nowhere to be found in the Clancy corpus.)

As to the Society of Jesus, so instrumental in Mr. Ryan's education from high school to the completion of his doctoral thesis at Georgetown University, Mr. Ryan once remarked, "Us Jesuit products run the world—we're just humble about it."

Mr. Ryan was featured in four movies and four video games. He leaves (apparently) his wife, Caroline, and their children, Olivia, John, Jr., Kathleen, and Kyle. Whatever services are held will (one imagines) follow publication of *Command Authority* (*A Jack Ryan Novel*), which had been completed at the time of Mr. Ryan's (in all likelihood) passing, and is scheduled for release in December. ■



In 1994, Ryan was employed as a CIA analyst.



Dwight Thompson and Cleora Barnes in 1953, the year he left for Korea.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

By Susan Thompson

Love letters in a time of war

SECOND LIEUTENANT DWIGHT THOMPSON, 24, SHIPPED out to Korea in April 1953, just as Cleora Barnes, 21, was about to graduate from the University of Connecticut, where they'd met. The letters they exchanged until August 1954, when he returned and they married, form the basis of a play by their daughter Susan Thompson, a lecturer in Boston College's theater department. *Unforgettable: Letters from Korea* had its premiere at Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., in 2012 (in a Pilgrim Theatre production). Subsequent venues have included the Boston College Arts Festival and, last July, the Korean War Memorial in the nation's capital, for a performance sponsored by the U.S. Department of Defense to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the armistice. An excerpt from Thompson's script follows:

My parent's letters were always a little off. They crossed in the mail. On the Korean front in 1953, letters came in bundles, and then not at all. Often, my parents were writing and responding to old news.

CLEO: You said in your last letters that you haven't received any

mail. I don't understand it for I've been writing pretty well—you might say excellently for me. I wish you'd get some mail. I feel awful when you write and tell me you haven't received any letters.

DWIGHT: My Darling, You're probably wondering why you haven't heard from me for nearly a week. A flare exploded in my face during training and some fragments were blown into my eyes.

CLEO: Darling, How I wish you could have been with me tonight—was elected Miss University of Ct. What a riot!

DWIGHT: They didn't have an eye doctor up here at the front so they evacuated me by plane to the rear. I've already had the pieces removed and I can see fine. There won't be any scars on my face or eyes so I feel pretty lucky.

CLEO: I had a tough day before the dance—my English exam—also had my last waitress shift—broke a cup—I usually break something while I'm waitressing. I have to go out with a bang, you know.

DWIGHT: I'll be here about a week while my eyes get healed and then I'll be back to work.

CLEO: It's almost unbelievable to me at times to think you're really over there. Here all is peaceful—people are partying and having a good time. The whole earth seems to be alive.

DWIGHT: They are sticking so many needles in me that I feel like a human dart board.

CLEO: Are there cherry blossoms in Korea? Where are you now? It's possible, that this very moment you are thinking the same thought—that if we had our way we'd be together.

DWIGHT: Can't write any more now. Hope you are well and happy.

CLEO: Dwight, I'm so confused. I just don't know what I'm going to do when I graduate. Darn the army! I don't mind you traveling but I want to be able to come too. Think I'll join the WACs (—only joshing). Enjoy your new experiences and hurry back.

CLEO: Dearest Dwight, My ole New York Yankees almost broke the record of 1906 for 19 straight wins but last night with 18 straight the St. Louis Browns beat them 3-1. The Browns have been at the bottom of the ladder and chalked up something like 17 losses. . . .

DWIGHT: Inje, Korea. My Darling Cleo, A couple of guys have short wave radios so we catch a few stations that way. Right now I'm listening to your New York Yankees get beat 1-0 in the 4th inning. Don't have much else to write except that I'm glad it's Pay Day in 2 days.

CLEO: I got a job offer. \$60 a week at the City Planning Office in New Haven. I am considering it for summer work.

DWIGHT: I spend about \$8-10 a month. There isn't anything to spend it on except a cigar which is about the only thing I'd want anyhow.

CLEO: Tom Gallagher was my date for Seniors' Week so I wasn't a third wheel at the dances and outings. I'm enclosing a shell from Friday's excursion to the beach. Don't worry I'm still yours.

DWIGHT: I've been offered a position at headquarters. Hope you are well and happy. I'd give my left arm to be with you babe rather than have you with Tom Gallagher. I need my right arm or I'd offer you both.

CLEO: Darling, you asked me to think of you during graduation and I did. I couldn't help it. You are the one person who has really affected my life. Without you I wouldn't have done half the things I did in college. It was so lonesome today after the girls moved out of the dorm. It's awful! Have never felt so depressed. The place was like a morgue.

DWIGHT: Darling, the Chinese have made a big break through over on our left so I rejoined my company. We've been alerted for the last 24 hours that we may have to go and plug the gap.

DWIGHT: The 7th ROK [troops of the Republic of Korea, the South] was rushed up to plug the gap and stopped the Chinese last night but got quite a few casualties so if they get hit again we'll probably be pulled over to stop them. Right now we have our ammo, rations and bags on trucks and we can be ready to move in an hour.

CLEO: Sweetheart, I just got your letter and when I found out a flare had blown up in your face I just didn't know what to write and I don't know now. It seems unbelievable that something like that should happen to you.

DWIGHT: I may not write for about a week or so, I don't exactly know, but don't get mad. We just got the order to move out and replace the division which got so chewed up.

CLEO: Thank God your injury wasn't worse. It must have been painful.

DWIGHT: I'll write again as soon as I can.

CLEO: I hope your eyes are all healed.

DWIGHT: Please don't tell my mother as I have followed the policy of telling her I'm in the rear and not to worry.

CLEO: Your mother called me for graduation. I didn't mention you being hurt. I thought you might not have written to her about it so she wouldn't worry. Headquarters! What a job!

DWIGHT: I have always squared with you though.

CLEO: I always knew Thompson would end up behind a desk commanding men!

DWIGHT: I've got to get a few hours sleep before the relief begins so I'll say goodbye for now.

CLEO: I decided to take the job of associate city planner in New Haven.

DWIGHT: I'd give my left arm to be with you babe. ■

In addition to being a lecturer in Boston College's theater department, Susan Thompson is a member of the Massachusetts-based Pilgrim Theatre Research and Performance Collaborative. Dwight Thompson remained in the Army, earned a law degree in 1972, and retired from the service in 1973 with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He worked as a lawyer in Howard County, Maryland, until his death in 2004. Cleora Barnes Thompson earned a master's degree in city planning and eventually worked as an historic preservationist. She died in 2010. Both are buried in Arlington National Cemetery. The couple raised five children.



FIFTY-FIFTY

By Kelly Cupo

Living with the problem you choose

I'M 22, AND I'M UNSINGLE.

I'm supposed to love me. Check. Love him. Check. Then no more single. It's math math math.

I wasn't always frozen. I used to have more search. I wasn't always "unsingle." I wasn't always a 100 percent undiagnosed Huntington's disease patient.

I wasn't always stuck on the word *chance*.

Like, *what are the chances?*

What were the chances that volcano in Iceland, named Eyjafjallajökull, would erupt for the second time the week I was trying to get back to home-base England during my junior spring abroad. From Rome. Ash clouds seeping through the atmosphere across Europe. Planes grounded. People stuck in between.

My junior spring.

I knew my mom was sick but I went anyway. I was 20. My mom had been sick for a long time, but I'd only known about the Huntington's for two-plus years (I hate counting).

Going abroad meant seeing things I'd always heard my mom talk about. Side trips to places like Salzburg.

There was a lot at stake. A lot of crazy dragged overseas. A lot of black-hole feelings.

GENETICS ISN'T ABOUT DESERVING, SO THOSE PEOPLE can stop feeling like they are questioning "God" in the right way, saying, "He works in mysterious ways," when in fact we're starting at a way that he works in exactly proportionate probabilities. In this case, Huntington's disease, we're working with a 50-50 split. The gene that causes HD is dominant. That means that each child my mother has carries a 50 percent chance of also having this incurable thing. In our case there are four candidates: My two brothers. My little sister, Angela. And me. And please, whatever you do, don't give me the "sometimes bad things happen to good people" line. Because we are not "good people." We're just people. It's my mom, me, my sister, my brother, my other brother, my dad (but he isn't at risk here). And "we," the people we're talking about here, don't actually use the word "deserving." I'm not saying there aren't times when my mom hasn't been severely depressed (which happens to be a symptom of Huntington's disease). Like,

for instance, the time she asked what she'd done to deserve this thing. But that was around the same time that she stood outside our house in the middle of the double-yellow-lined road, with my brown-haired, freckled, big-hazel-eyed 7-year-old sister watching from the bedroom window before school, and begged for someone to end her life.

Maybe my mom was thinking about "deserving," but she was also doing things like that.

We don't talk much about that time. How she acted was a symptom. It can be treated (luckily) with drugs. Also, we don't talk much about genes. When I have a questions, I email premed kids I knew at school, making sure I understand my chances. My siblings' chances. If you ask the question a different way, maybe you'll get a different answer. Maybe this is my way of extending the conversation, bringing others in, making more people uncomfortable.

GRANDMA MARCIA, MY MOM'S STEPMOM, ALWAYS TOLD ME that if everyone put their problems in the middle of the table and they each got to choose which ones they would keep for themselves, everyone would end up picking the same ones they started with. So here we are.

I'm a patient for something we don't know. And I don't know if I'm a patient.

Is anyone surprised when I can't stay tied to one thing?

People say, *You are what you are.*

The cereal box says, *You are what you eat.* Girl, you're worth it! Worth what? Worth something in life. How can you say what makes a life worth living?

How prepared can you be to find out the \$5,000 life you thought you'd been saving up for years, earning interest and thinking, *Wall Street better not sear my solid-money-life into something I don't want*, actually turns out to be a \$3 life that no one wants?

So what is this thing about testing?

It goes one of two places, equal shares likely. It's a fairness game really. In all fairness.

It's a question of how many letters. CAG. On chromosome 4. And 4 has always been my lucky number.

If I get tested, I'll get a number: 0 or 100.

SOMETIMES THE NAME OF A THING IS MORE FRIGHTENING than the thing itself. Like 9/11. Maybe someday, somebody will find a word for the gaping tear that day left. Numbers aren't exactly names, though. Fifty percent isn't a name, or 0 percent, or 100 percent. When I was four, in preschool, we had to write how old we were in our books *About Me*. Next to our handprints. I remember wondering why the number 4 said something as important about me as my handprint did.

We made handprints everywhere. Tracing our hands. Painting out palms. Pressing them to paper. So many handprints, smooched, over and over again in that warm paint.

But really there's just one of me. I'm just one person with too many CAG repeats. Five too many.

I don't have too many repeats. Or maybe I do. I don't know. All I have right now is my handprint.

Take it. (My hand.)

Nope. Give it back.

I need it.

I need it to pick one of those problems sitting in the middle of the table, waiting.

This is the one I drew.

It's genetics. It's time. It's life. It's love. It's a disease in my family. It's mine. Or (maybe) it isn't. ■

Kelly Cupo '11 is a product manager at a Web-based entertainment startup in Los Angeles. Her essay was adapted by permission of Johns Hopkins University Press from *The Story Within: Personal Essays on Genetics and Identity* (2013), edited by Amy Boesky. Boesky is a member of the English faculty.

I Was a Mountain Once

By Adam Fitzgerald

I was a mountain once
written by a blind hand
and there I stood remote
from human interference
just a mountain of stuff
not distinguished so much
lording over my domain
sovereign in neutral space
contained as I wanted or
inclement as I had to be
shape my distortion and
that wasn't really so bad.
What rolled down my sides
flowed in my sound mind
left little sleep to reason.
Walk my barren clime.
Pitch wherever you like.
No longer part of nature,
scrub-weed fills my head.
When the grass was full
I sang a different song.

Adam Fitzgerald '05 teaches writing at the New School and Rutgers University. He is the editor of the poetry journal *Maggie* and the author of the collection *The Late Parade* (Liveright, 2013).



"Familiar Voices," an @BC video, includes excerpts from an interview with Adam Fitzgerald and a reading he gave in Stokes Hall on October 17. It may be viewed via Full Story at www.bc.edu/bcm.

CONTROL SHIFT

By Jeri Zeder

Is it a crime to shop on your company computer?

In 2004, David Nosal was working for an executive search firm in California when he used confidential information pulled from his employer's computer system to start his own, competing company. He was criminally prosecuted under, among other laws, the amended federal Computer Fraud and Abuse Act (CFAA) of 1986, which takes aim at anyone who "knowingly and with intent to defraud, accesses a protected computer without authorization, or exceeds authorized access..." The case, *United States v. Nosal*, went to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, where the question of a CFAA violation was decided, in 2012, in Nosal's favor. Had it been heard on appeal in another circuit—the Fifth, say, or Eleventh—the decision might have gone the other way, as divergent paths have marked the courts' interpretations of the law.

When is it okay for an employee to transfer data from an office computer system to a personal device? When is it okay to conduct personal affairs on office machines? With new technologies the lines between work and personal time have blurred, as have conventional notions of ownership and use of information. Writing in the *American Business Law Journal*, two Carroll School of Management faculty members from the business law department—Associate Professor Stephanie Greene and Professor Christine Neylon O'Brien—recently questioned whether the CFAA should be embraced by employers and prosecutors to go after workers who "violate an employment policy, contract, or duty of loyalty." Their article, "Exceeding Authorized Access in the Workplace: Prosecuting Disloyal Conduct under the Computer Fraud and Abuse Act," has received several academic and industry awards and drawn attention in the popular media.

Greene and O'Brien argue that the CFAA is properly applied "narrowly"—as an anti-hacking statute that imposes civil and criminal liability for code-based breaches of computer systems. A "broad" interpretation, initially adopted in civil cases by the First and Seventh Circuit Courts of Appeals in the 2000s, spread to criminal prosecutions in 2010, in the Fifth and Eleventh Circuits. Under the broad interpretation, courts apply the CFAA's provi-

sions to violations of company computer policies, to misappropriations of confidential or proprietary information, and to breaches of an employee's duty of loyalty to an employer—even when hacking is not involved. In *United States v. Rodriguez*, for example, a Social Security Administration employee was charged with misusing his access to a government database by looking up birthdates and addresses so that he could send gifts and cards to friends. Even though he did not use the information for criminal purposes, the Eleventh Circuit, in 2010, held him criminally liable.

The Ninth Circuit rejected the broad interpretation in a 2009

civil case, reasoning that what mattered for CFAA purposes was not what an employee intended to do with information he took from his employer, but whether he had his employer's permission to use the computer and to access and obtain the information—a pure hacking question. In *Nosal*, the court went further, warning that prosecutions based on whether an individual has violated a company computer-use policy could "transform whole categories of otherwise innocuous behavior into federal crimes simply because a computer is involved." Think shopping online or checking a personal email account on your work computer.

Greene and O'Brien agree. "The broad interpretation of the CFAA," they say, "would allow criminalization of employer policies that employees frequently don't understand and may not be aware of, creating issues of inadequate notice and due process." They see a judicial preference emerging now for the narrow interpretation—rooted not in sympathy for

employees who stray from office rules, but in a plain reading of the CFAA, its legislative history, and the "rule of lenity," an analytical method in which courts, faced with vagueness in a criminal statute, apply the least-harsh meaning.

Improper deviations from company policies—even when these grow out of computer access—are better dealt with as civil matters, say Greene and O'Brien, which will lessen the potential for prosecutorial overreach. ■

Jeri Zeder is a writer in the Boston area.





Nine of the class's 10 members—missing is 24-year-old John Galligan (he entered the priesthood in 1880).

Life ahead

By Seth Meehan

The first graduating class

In June 1877, around the time they completed the seventh and final year of studies at Boston College to receive the school's first diplomas, nine young men gathered in the South End for a photograph on what the *Stylus* termed a "vacant lot bordering the . . . college grounds." Ages 19 to 24, they stood, hands on shoulders, a close-knit fraternity.

Two were destined for the medical profession. Michael Glennon (third student from right), of Stoughton, earned an MD at New York's Bellevue Hospital in 1883 and practiced in his hometown. South Boston's William MacDonald (third from left) graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1885. He became Suffolk County's medical examiner, and his words endure as a consequence. A June 12, 1906, *Boston Globe* report, for instance, carried MacDonald's account of a condemned man who went to his end "without the slightest suggestion of bravado."

The other seven were headed for the priesthood, which for a quarter century remained the school's primary post-graduate vocation, trailed by law, civil service, and journalism. They were, from left, Nicholas Walsh, of Cambridge; John Broderick, of Chelsea; Dorchester native Stephen Hart, who delivered the valedic-

tory address at Commencement; William Millerick, of Boston's North End; Daniel Collins, of Arlington; John Donovan, of Lexington; and Patrick Callanan, a native of New York City. (At far right is Peter Fitzpatrick, SJ, professor of the philosophy class, as the seventh-year curriculum was called despite its inclusion of courses on chemistry, physics, and engineering.) All but one would serve in Boston-area parishes. Hart, the valedictorian, died two months after graduation, of peritonitis.

"Pat" Callanan gained fame as host of an annual Labor Day picnic in Newton Lower Falls, where he was a pastor for 22 years; it attracted thousands for potato-sack races, pig wrestling, and other activities, the *Globe* noted. On at least one occasion, Callanan's former classmate Broderick came from his Foxboro parish to judge the day's declamation contest.

In 1927, the University conferred an honorary doctorate of laws on the 72-year-old Callanan, by then a pastor in Cambridge and the lone surviving member of his class. When he died six years later, a phalanx of Boston College seniors served as pallbearers.

Seth Meehan is coauthor of the forthcoming illustrated history of Boston College.

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